

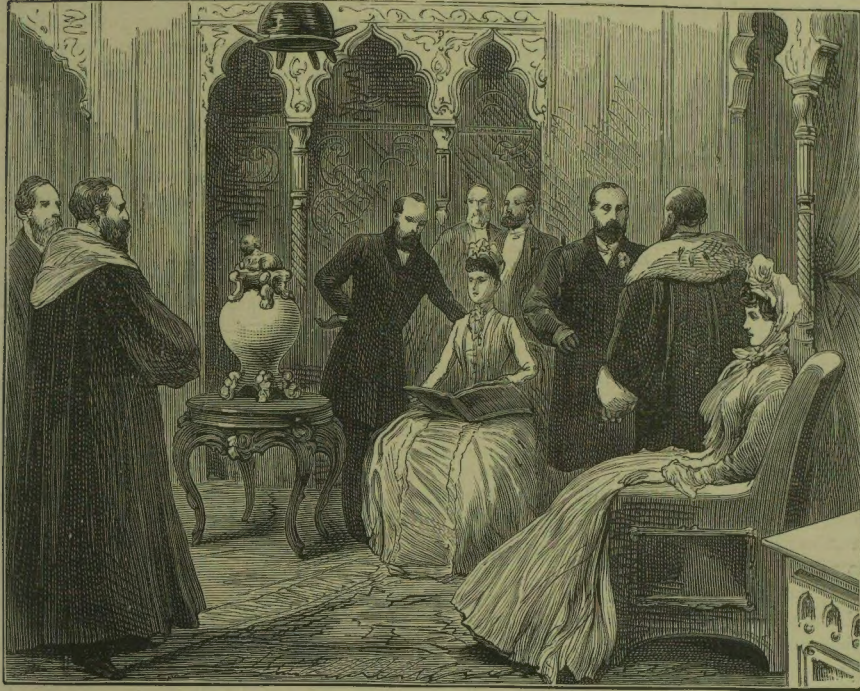
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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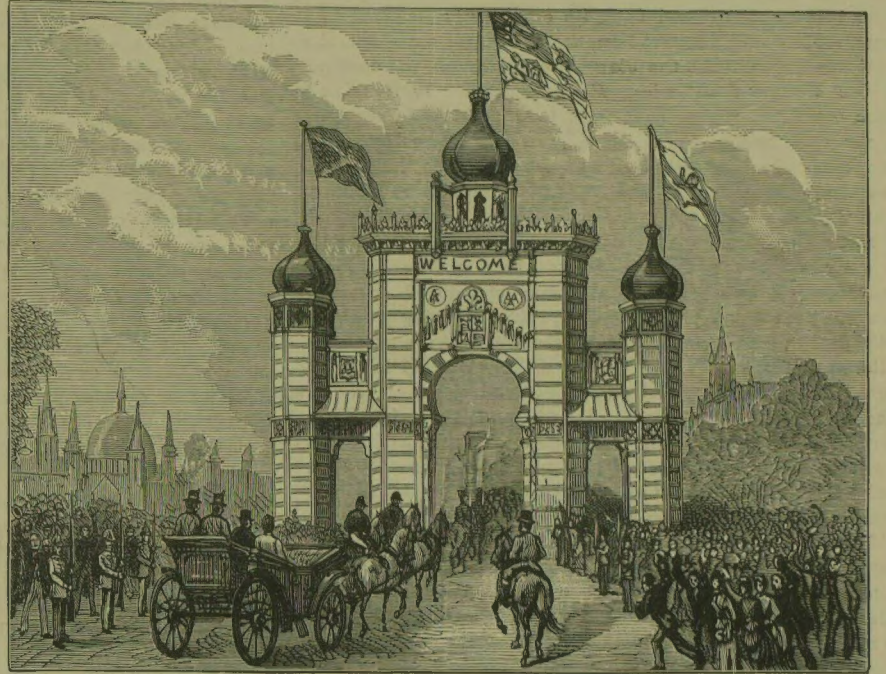
No. 2561.—VOL. XCII.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1888.

WITH COLOURED PICTURE } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



ROYAL RECEPTION-ROOM.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH NEAR THE LORD PROVOST'S HOUSE.



INTERIOR OF THE CENTRAL HALL FROM THE WEST END.



UNDER THE DOME.

THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The report of the London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is simply shocking. Let those who prate of our growing civilisation and "the influences for good that are permeating every section of society" read the evidence concerning *this* section, and cease their boasts. Above all, let the philanthropists, who will not suffer the torturers of these defenceless little ones to receive the only punishment they can understand, lest, forsooth, they should be "brutalised" by it (as though a smut could hurt the complexion of a black man!), shut their mealy mouths. Though it is quite true that what other people have to bear we should surely be able to bear to read of, I dare not quote the cruelties—all proved in our police-courts—which this report narrates. What the Apostles suffered of old, these little victims, who are no martyrs, have suffered in our own time. They have borne the cross without the crown. Two thousand of them, within less than four years, in London alone, have been treated, but not for heresy—there was no shallowest excuse for it, no shadow of a reason, unless the brutal lust of cruelty is a reason—as the Inquisition treated those who differed from its creed centuries ago. The scourge, the thong, the hot iron, the fire-grates at which the little hands were held, the blows, the starvation, the rasping of the tender flesh with files—all these horrors, and much more and worse, have been used upon little children in our very midst, while our divines have been brawling over their dogmas and our lawyers splitting hairs. If Law and Religion are useless to restrain such acts, a man who has read this terrible record is almost tempted to say, "Then let us have vigilance committees who will do their work for them." It has been well said by a living Judge that there are crimes committed amongst us worse than murder, and more deserving of being punished with death; and surely the deliberate torture of little children (often, too, by their own flesh and blood!) is one of them. There are many evil things done in the far West of America, but not these things: Judge Lynch sees to it. With all our boasted culture and civilisation we might well take a lesson from the most homely people in this matter. In Finland—so far back even as sixty years ago—cruelty of this fiendish kind was nipped in the bud. It was held, and rightly held, to be a crime not only against the individual but the State; and it was not allowed to grow. If a boy tortured an animal it was concluded that he would become a dangerous citizen, and he was therefore made a public criminal. "In Abo," we read, "a dog that had been run over by some vehicle crawled into a doorway, where the boy of the house first stoned and afterwards poured boiling water over the poor animal." ("Horrible!" exclaims the gentle reader, with a shudder: read the report above-mentioned, my fastidious friend, and see what is done next door to you—but not to dogs!) A Magistrate heard of it, and told his fellows. The lad, fifteen years of age, was brought before them, and thus addressed:—"Inhuman young man! because you added to the torments of the poor animal that implored your aid by its cries, and who derived its being from the same God as yourself, the Council of the city sentences you to wear on your breast the name that you deserve and to receive fifty stripes." After he had had twenty-five of them the Magistrate continued his lecture: "You have now felt a very small degree of the pain you inflicted on a helpless animal in its hour of death. As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." Then he got the other twenty-five. The lash, I am glad to see, is going to be used in punishment for these fiendish crimes; and why not the placard also?

The placarding at the railway-stations of the rogues who habitually travel without paying their fares is found to work admirably. They don't like it, and call it "libellous." If a stationary placard is found to be beneficial, why not a peripatetic one? Even the criminal classes would shrink from the companionship of a man who wore (by way of label) "A Monster" in big type upon his chest. What, however, is of more importance than the punishment of these wretches, is the protection of their victims. Under no circumstances should there be an opportunity of repeating the crime. Let the offenders be kept at hard labour in support of the objects of their cruelty until these are of an age to take care of themselves.

There is always, unhappily, a doubt as to how our matrimonial ventures will turn out. There can be no trial-race for the Marriage Stakes. If not actually in the dark about it, the prospect is misty. Still, however applicable in the way of metaphor, it is scarcely a nice thing to do to celebrate a wedding by fog-signals. This has just been done, on the Great Western Railway, with the result that a team of cart-horses close to the line were frightened out of their wits, ran away, and killed the waggoner. At the inquest, the jury "requested that the railway company should be informed that fog-signals ought not to be used for wedding purposes." A very proper presentment, too! But conceive the state of mind of any company that thought they ought to be! It may be said it had no other means—short of a collision—to express its delight on the happy occasion. This reminds me of the tribute of admiration paid to a justly popular English astronomer by an agricultural State in America. "We have no academical distinction to offer you," said the chairman of the board of reception, "but we have done our best. We have named our trotting-pony after you, Sir."

The course taken by those who write of our illustrious dead is invariable, but to the student of human nature not the less remarkable on that account. An example of it has just happened, to which it is not necessary to allude, but which draws one's attention to the fact. First, then, when a great man is lost to us there is a salute, varying, according to the fame of the deceased, from twenty-one to a hundred and one

guns. The laudation is excessive, and fills the air; no whisper of detraction can be heard in it; the atmosphere is thick with praise. One would think that no man had ever left his fellow creatures whom they had (though some of them hitherto in secret) so much admired as that man. The gaiety of the nation is hushed. Then there is a silence; then a dropping fire of eulogy; gentlemen who have known the departed, and are not unwilling that their acquaintance with so illustrious a personage should be generally understood, lay their individual wreaths upon his tomb. This aggravates their friends, who did not know him so well, or know him at all, excessively; and instead of attacking these later eulogists they attack *him*—a most illogical, and, as I venture to think, a very unchivalrous proceeding. If they have really cause for censure, why have they not had the courage to mention it before? It cannot be from delicacy of feeling, for the grass has not even yet grown over his grave. Why, then, do they wait? Because it is not till the pean of praise has rolled away that the penny trumpet of detraction can gain a hearing; and it is curious how often the lesser sound outlives the greater.

The art world in Munich is much interested in the case of Countess Adlerberg and her portrait. Her husband has declined to pay the artist, Koppay, for it, on the ground of its want of resemblance. The Koppay, he says, is not like the original. This the painter denies, and the question has been submitted to a jury of artists for their decision. In England it is thought to smack of Philistinism for a man to be particular about the likeness of his portrait. A year or two ago we made very merry over the millionaire, who, having engaged one day with a great artist to paint him for one thousand guineas, wrote the next morning to cry off the bargain because he had seen an enlarged photograph of a friend in Regent-street so very like that he despaired of getting paint to equal it; "besides which," he added naively, "this style costs only five pounds." A good many of us, I suspect, had a secret sympathy with that gentleman. There is a series of splendid views of a certain part of England I know very well, and which I am assured by competent authorities are of the highest artistic value; but as for reminding me of any prospect in that district they might just as well be sketches of Kamschatka. I am told, of course, that I know nothing about art; still, even the humblest of us is surely capable of identifying a scene from nature? I can hardly imagine that a jury of portrait-painters will decide against Herr Koppay, however much they may (naturally) hate a gentleman of the same trade: it would be a very dangerous precedent. Think of the Chinese custom of paying their doctors by results—that is, only if the patient recovers—being applied to art! On the other hand, it must be admitted that sitters are very difficult to please. It is told of Jordaens, when Maas, the Dutch portrait-painter, expressed his admiration of the exceeding beauty of the former's works, that he asked him what subjects *he* painted. "I am a painter of portraits," Maas modestly answered. "I pity you most sincerely, brother artist," was the grave reply; "you are a martyr to that branch of our profession where, let your merit be ever so great, you are condemned to suffer the whims, the folly, the impertinence, and the ignorance of both sexes."

It should be some solace to poor people to reflect on the discomforts rich ones often put themselves to in the pursuit of what they call their pleasures. As we retire to our lowly beds, at our usual modest hour, it is not unsatisfactory to dwell upon the fact that the sons and daughters of Fashion are about to begin the labours of the night; to perspire in crowded rooms, to jostle one another on staircases, to partake standing, as at a City lunch, of very necessary refreshment, and often to emerge from one sparkling throng only to go through the same ordeal in another. Above all, as we smoke our pipe after our simple meal, how it delights the soul to picture the formal dinner-party descending two by two into the ark of boredom, not to be emancipated therefrom till the waters of small talk, two hours and a half hence, abate! In dining, provided they have had the wherewithal to dine at all, the poor have always had their advantage. In the days of Rome they sat on benches (like Christians), "while the upper ten" poised themselves on one elbow on beds of silver, and at the shrine of Fashion sacrificed both comfort and digestion. It is only people that go to picnics, without the precaution of taking campstools with them, that have any notion of what Helio-gabalus and Pompey, and the Roman aristocracy generally, suffered at their dinner-parties. Economy, indeed, was not wholly neglected; for if you omitted to remove your sandals, the lady of the house would remark, rather sharply (though of course in Latin), "I say, be so good as to remember my cushions," or even give a still broader hint by the production of a pair of her husband's slippers. I suppose not even Fashion will ever again persuade us to eat lying down; but it is always devising some new discomfort or another. The last comes from the Land of the Free. We are told that at very distinguished tables in America the wretched men have to rise at every course, and take their places by the side of a new enslaver. Conceive, after having got on tolerably good conversational terms with one's fair neighbour—done with the weather, and waded half through the theatres and the picture galleries—having to begin all over again with a fresh one! No; *not* a fresh one—with a poor damsel who has just suffered the same wrongs at the hands of somebody else! This method of entertainment, which seems in a measure to combine dancing (the "Lancers") and dining, is pronounced by the social journals to be "agreeable and unique." But the more unique, I should imagine, the more agreeable.

Every honourable man will be pleased with the result of Mrs. Burnett's plea for protection against the dramatic "conveyance" of her novel. She did but demand an obvious, if not a natural, right, which only rogues deny. But there is a subtlety about the method employed to right the

wrong that is almost suggestive of chicanery. It reminds one of the devices used by the Cadis to administer justice. Every one remembers the case of the poor fellow accused by a pretended creditor, who brought into court overwhelming evidence of the debt, but all perjuries: and how he extricated himself (by the advice of counsel) from his difficulties by producing a receipt for the payment of the debt very neatly forged. Or, if this parallel seems too severe, the mode of righting the lady at all events suggests a device on the part of the Court to render inoperative an unjust law. Yet if the quality of mercy should not be strained, much more should it be unnecessary to strain the law to obtain a righteous judgment. A Jew in Morocco, it is written, once ordered of a French merchant a consignment of black hats, green shawls, and red silk stockings, but on their delivery repudiated the bargain. As there was no witness the goods were thrown on the poor merchant's hands, and he was ruined. The Emperor, before whom the case was tried, and who was convinced of the truth of the merchant's statement, thereupon issued an edict that every Jew, who within twenty-four hours should be found in the streets of Morocco without a black hat, a green shawl, and a pair of red silk stockings should be flogged to death. The result was most satisfactory for the merchant, and brought about the ends of justice, but the method has been always thought circuitous. In the case of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," it seems, too, a shameful blot on the law that it was necessary to take so devious a road to attain the ends of justice. Nothing has been seen like it since the case of Antonio *versus* Shylock. The whole question of literary copyright is beset with quirks and quibbles simply because authors have not sufficient political weight with the Legislature to procure an act of justice. It is not worth while to right them. If it were journalists who suffered, the remedy would be applied—and in both hemispheres—quickly enough.

THE COURT.

Owing in part to the spring weather, the presentations at the Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on May 9 were numerous, numbering nearly 400. The Queen's dinner-party included Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Prince Albert Victor of Wales, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Marquis of Lorne. The Duchess of Albany took leave of her Majesty and left the palace for Claremont. The Queen went out the following morning, attended by Lady Southampton, and afterwards drove out, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and visited the Duchess of Cambridge at St. James's Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales visited her Majesty and remained to luncheon. Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, left the palace at five p.m. for Windsor Castle. She drove to the railway station at Paddington, escorted by a detachment of the 1st Life Guards, and proceeded thence by special train on the Great Western Railway to Windsor. The Queen held an investiture on May 12 at Windsor Castle, when several gentlemen received the honour of Knighthood, and were invested with the insignia, respectively, of the Orders of the Bath, the Star of India, the Indian Empire, and St. Michael and St. George. Her Majesty was accompanied by the Princess of Wales, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales. Her Majesty and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service in the private chapel on Sunday morning, May 13; the Very Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff, assisted by the Very Rev. R. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, officiating. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, accompanied by the Princess of Wales, and visited Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein at Cumberland Lodge. Her Majesty's dinner-party included the Princess of Wales and her daughters, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince George of Greece. The Queen held a Council on Thursday. Her Majesty will leave Windsor Castle on Whit Monday evening for Scotland.

We are enabled to state that the dates fixed for the State balls and concerts at Buckingham Palace are as follow:—First State ball, June 6; first concert, June 22; second concert, June 29; and second State ball, July 10.

For the first time in its history, Blackburn was, on May 9, honoured with the presence of Royalty. The Prince and Princess of Wales, having travelled from Glasgow in the morning, visited the town in order to lay the foundation of a new technical and trades school. On the completion of the ceremony the Prince was presented with the freedom of the borough, and signed his name as the first honorary freeman on the roll. Their Royal Highnesses met with a most gratifying popular reception. In the afternoon they were entertained at a public luncheon by the Mayor, and subsequently returned to London. On May 10 his Royal Highness paid a visit to the Pantechnicon in Motcomb-street, Belgrave-square, to inspect the fineart collections which are about to be sent off to the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition. He spent more than an hour in inspecting the fine collection, examining the pictures with great care and evident interest. There are altogether 150 oil paintings, 100 drawings, and 250 engravings and etchings. On behalf of the Queen, the Prince held a Levée on May 11 at St. James's Palace. There were about 260 presentations. His Royal Highness dined with the officers (past and present) of her Majesty's yachts at the Hôtel Métropole in the evening. The Princess, accompanied by Princess Louise, was present at Mr. Charles Hallé's musical concert at St. James's Hall in the afternoon. The Prince presided on May 12 at the annual meeting of the Royal Yacht Squadron, at Willis's Rooms. After passing the report, several new members were elected, and the officers for the year were appointed. The Princess, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, and other Royal and distinguished personages, journeyed from London to Windsor by the 1.15 p.m. train from Paddington, to be present at a private investiture by the Queen. Her Royal Highness occupied a separate compartment, specially reserved for her and her attendants. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by their three daughters, and Prince George of Greece, performed the ceremony of opening the Anglo-Danish Exhibition in aid of the rebuilding of the British Home for Incurables at South Kensington on Monday, May 14. Next day the Prince, accompanied by the Princess, Princesses Victoria and Maud, Prince George of Greece, and the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, reviewed the Household Cavalry with the 19th Hussars and a battery of Horse Artillery on Wimbledon-common; and in the evening the Prince and Princess were present at the Royal Italian Opera. Her Royal Highness held the Drawingroom on May 16 on behalf of the Queen.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Great is truth, and it will prevail. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has in the matter of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" won a conspicuous success. On every side the enemy falls back beaten, for, in addition to having given us a very charming play, she has, by an ingenious device of her lawyers, protected the stage right of every novelist. Hitherto dramatists have laughed novelists to scorn. They have been able to appropriate plots and annex stories without so much as asking permission for the favour. Provided the novelist did not write his tale first in dramatic form and secure his stage right by having the play performed, any wielder of scissors and manufacturer of paste could turn the novel into a play, in spite of the indignant remonstrance of the author. No one kicked so violently against this inequitable arrangement as Charles Dickens. A recent memoir by Mr. J. Edgar Pemberton proves that the tricks of the adaptors made him positively ill, and worried him far more than anyone could have believed. Other celebrated novelists, such as Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Ouida, and many others, have protested against this dramatic plunder, but in vain. But Mrs. Burnett and her advisers are sharper than all of them, for they have discovered that, although a dramatic writer may steal your thunder, he must not make any copies of it. Any copy of a play containing words, scenes, or dialogue from an existing novel is now ruled to be a breach of copyright by Mr. Justice Stirling, and as it is absolutely impossible to produce a play without depositing a copy with the Lord Chamberlain, and equally impossible to get it rehearsed without making copies of the text—ergo, the novel—plunder is impracticable, and consequently at an end. It is curious that no clever lawyer ever thought of this before. The case of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" creates a very valuable precedent.

Mr. Seeborn's version of Mrs. Burnett's story was, no doubt, an effective one from the stage point of view, and the acting was, on the whole, remarkably good. No one who saw the play at the Prince of Wales' Theatre will willingly forget the acting of Miss Annie Hughes as the lordling, of Mr. Somerset as the old Earl, or of Miss Mary Rorke as the loving mother, Mrs. Erroll. But, for all that, Mrs. Burnett's own play is decidedly the better of the two, and the acting of it in no way inferior to its predecessor. Those who knew and valued the book could never quite forgive Mr. Seeborn for his treatment of Mrs. Erroll. He dealt with her theatrically; but Mrs. Burnett has kept her as she originally conceived her. One of the beautiful touches of the romance was the idea of the mother sacrificing her selfish comforts for the child's ultimate good. When the old lawyer comes over to America, and places the Earl's proposition before Mrs. Erroll, and intimates that the mother must give up her son, live apart from him, see him only at a distance, and content herself with the position of a paid dependant, at first the whole woman revolts against so monstrous a proposition. But she reflects and persuades herself that her own personal sacrifice will be for the child's advantage, and so she buries her heart in the cold grave of duty. Few prettier scenes have been presented on the modern stage than that one where the sad mother stifles her sorrow, and with the little lad in her arms, tells him the shape of his future life. The contrast between the mother's anguish and the boy's comparative insensibility, between the mother's tears and the child's innocent sleep, is most exquisitely portrayed, and the acting of Miss Winifred Emery here, and elsewhere, is almost beyond praise. Miss Emery's idea of Mrs. Erroll is certainly the correct one, for it is an echo of the book. She makes her a gentle, refined, uncomplaining, dignified lady, whose grief is silent, and whose indignation is suppressed. The scene between Mrs. Erroll and the Earl shows Miss Winifred Emery in even a better light as an actress of firm grasp on her character and instant resource. It would have been difficult to have gone very far wrong in the scene with the sleeping child, whose seeming ignorance of sorrow and pain contrasts so acutely with the mother's bitter agony; but it required an actress of experience and artistic appreciation to show such extreme gentleness and unruffled calm by the side of the old Earl's brutality and ill-temper. Miss Winifred Emery, who has been kept very much in the background of late, but who has done excellent work in Mr. Irving's company, has considerably advanced her reputation by this exquisitely sympathetic performance as Mrs. Erroll. Mr. Alfred Bishop gives a lifelike picture of the testy, domineering, gouty old Earl, who is conquered into submission and gentleness by the lad who has been taught by his mother to believe that his grandfather is the best man on earth. This is, indeed, one of the most beautiful and subtle points of the book: the belief of the child in the old man's beauty of character, and the gradual endeavour of the Earl to be worthy of the boy's love and respect. With singular skill and comprehensiveness Mr. Bishop works out this idea on a very small canvas, and in every detail he shows that he has mastered the idea of Mrs. Burnett's Earl of Dorincourt. Mr. Brandon Thomas was thoroughly excellent as the old lawyer—a shrewd, precise, practical old fellow, wonderfully made up, and, in fact, no part was indifferently played, though again we may suggest that the personal servants of noblemen are not in livery but in plain clothes, and that there is no need to make Mr. Hobbs, the American tradesman, such a dirty and disreputable old fellow. He might well wash his face and put on a decent suit of clothes. When Minna, the American adventuress, first entered, she caused a shock, and she somehow jarred upon the scene. All had been so quiet and calm that the spectator resented her appearance as an intrusion. But it was right in art. Luckily the difficult part was most admirably played by Miss Helen Leigh, who made an instant success. A better child's performance than that of Miss Vera Beringer as Little Lord Fauntleroy has probably never been seen. It was not acting, but nature. As a rule a child is parroted, trained, and taught to death. But this child is a born actress, and seems as accustomed to the stage as if she had been born on it. In only one scene did this clever child show that she was not quite at home, and that was at the point where the boy nerves himself to bear the weight of his gouty grandfather. Here the actress peeped out for the first time. It was acting, not nature. But elsewhere nothing could have been better than the boy's frankness, his affection, his reasoning, and his queer argumentative ways. We hope the decision is not final to limit the number of these performances. It is far too good a play to be lost, and if morning performances are impracticable, it should at once be put up at night at some first-class theatre. It is a pure, charming, and refreshing work, and it deserves to succeed, making a wholesome contrast to the feverish, unnatural stuff that is passed off as the drama of society elsewhere.

The "matinée nuisance," as it is justly called, has received a very summary and unexpected check. The leading newspapers have lately taken no notice whatever of performances that do not appeal to the general public and are obviously designed for the gratification of some form of vaulting ambition or personal vanity. When the untried author, the budding tragedian, and the Sara Bernhardt of the future discover that they play not only to deadheads, but that their trial trips are ignored, they will be less inclined to spend good

money without the compensating advantage of a free advertisement. One interesting feature, however, occurred at one of the many morning performances that have recently rained upon us. Mr. Charles Wyndham appeared as Harry Jasper in the old comedy "The Bachelor of Arts," that has not been seen on the modern stage since Charles Mathews left it for ever. It is a cleverly written and very amusing play, and a fresh opportunity will shortly be given to those who enjoy good comedy to see such a clever combination as Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Blakely—he is admirable in this play—Mr. Herbert Standring, and Miss Mary Moore. In aid of the German Inundation Fund "The Bachelor of Arts" and several other interesting plays will be performed at the Criterion at a benefit performance very shortly. It may be hoped that on this occasion the programme will be restricted in length, for nobody cares these lovely afternoons to sit in a theatre until six o'clock. At the last Criterion *matinée* the people were too tired to wait for the clever burlesque on "David Garrick" by Mr. Charles Colnaghi and Mr. Eustace Ponsonby, and consequently it went off like a damp squib.

THE EXHIBITION AT COPENHAGEN.

The Scandinavian Exhibition of Industry, Agriculture, and the Fine Arts, opened at Copenhagen on May 18, will probably attract many visitors to the capital of Denmark in the summer months, while it cannot fail to make the various products of that prosperous kingdom, and of Sweden and Norway, better known to European commerce. The Exhibition grounds are situated around the popular resort called "Tivoli," near the Central Railway Station, on the main thoroughfare from the city to its most important suburb, where the ancient fortifications have been levelled and converted into a magnificent boulevard, forming a semi-circle that half embraces Copenhagen. The main Exhibition building, designed by an eminent architect, Mr. Nyrop, covers a space of 150,000 square feet, and has some originality of plan and aspect. Behind its imposing Rotunda, which is 150ft. wide, extends the main nave, with an elevated gallery along its sides all round, and with thirteen bays or transepts at each side. Those nearest the Rotunda are allotted to the industries of Sweden and Norway, while the main floor of the nave is international ground, open to all the manufactures of all countries, and England will be represented there. At the farther end is a small garden-court, dividing the Industrial Exhibition building from that reserved for the Fine-Arts Department, from which visitors may pass to the two horticultural pavilions, or conservatories, divided by a bridge crossing the street called the Nyvestergade. Proceeding further west, they will reach a quaint-looking edifice occupied by the Fishery Exhibition and the Aquariums, near which are the buildings that contain the Sanitary or Hygienic Exhibition. The second main division, that of agriculture, is established in a group of buildings arranged as a hexagon, containing examples of all farming operations and products; a large dairy, with the most improved appliances in full working, and with samples of milk, butter, and cheese; a model stable, with a collection of different breeds of Danish horses; a model cow-house; an exhibition of seeds, corn, and fruits, while other buildings contain forest productions. In the centre is a circular piece of water, with a beautiful fountain. The pleasure-grounds of the Tivoli establishment, surrounding the Exhibition buildings, preserve their attractions, with the restaurants, music-halls, pantomime theatre, and other entertainments. The third main division, however, of the more practical arrangements should not be overlooked; it is in a spacious field, with sheds for horse-shows, dog-shows, cattle-shows, and those of sheep or swine, to be held at intervals. There is also an immense hall for machinery, where a number of fixed engines, served by mighty Belgian steam-generators placed at some distance, drive the main shafting that runs through the building, and keep all sorts of machinery in motion. Gas and water piping is laid down everywhere. The requirements of exhibitors are amply provided for all over the building. A special attraction is the electrical department, where upwards of a score of dynamos furnish abundance of light for the whole of the Exhibition grounds and for several buildings. In this part of the ground is another very large hall for the products of Danish industry, and close to that is a three-sided edifice for military and marine exhibits. Several acres of land are to be covered by agricultural implements. Machinery trials will form an important feature in the programme of this Exhibition.

Mr. William Hamo Thornycroft, sculptor, has been elected a Royal Academician.

Mr. Vicat Cole's Academy picture, "The Pool of London," has been bought for the nation by the executive council of the Royal Academy through the agency of the Chantry Bequest.

The *Jewish Chronicle* states, on the authority of Mr. H. Guedalla, that the late Baron Samuel de Poliakoff, of St. Petersburg, has bequeathed 14,000,000 roubles, or £1,180,000, to various charities, Jewish and general.

The Royal Horticultural Society has held an exhibition of orchids, roses, azaleas, &c., in the gardens of the Inner Temple. The show was of unusual excellence, many of the best-known cultivators having entered.

The annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute has been held at the Institution of Civil Engineers, bringing together a large number of the leading representatives of the iron and steel industries of the United Kingdom.

About eighty of the chief burgomasters and other public officials of Belgium arrived in London on May 13, and were received by the Lord Mayor, whose guests they are during their stay in London.

Mr. Justice Stirling has granted an injunction restraining Mr. Seeborn from infringing the copyright of Mrs. Burnett's novel, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and ordering him to expunge from the copies of his dramatised version of that book all passages copied from that novel into the play.

Lord Randolph Churchill presided on May 12 at a special festival dinner, held at the Hôtel Métropole, in aid of a scheme for the consolidation and extension of St. Mary's Hospital, W. Mr. Ryan (secretary) announced, amid loud cheers, subscriptions amounting to £4605, including £400 from Mr. Charles Veysey, £285 collected in shillings by Mrs. G. B. Field, and £226 collected on the Stock Exchange by Mr. A. F. Norton.

The Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, went on May 12 to the hall of the Company of Carpenters, London-wall, and opened an exhibition of models, drawings, and specimens of work in wood, all connected with carpentry and joinery. In this exhibition the Joiners' Company are co-operating with the Carpenters' Company. It will remain open till June 2.

The Crystal Palace was thronged on May 12 with visitors to the great summer flower-show. The most successful of the prize-winners among amateurs was Mr. A. Offer, of Handcross Park, Crawley, who secured first prizes for crotons, presenting many combinations of red, green, and yellow, and for foliage plants and stove ferns. Among nurserymen, Mr. Charles Turner took the greatest number of prizes.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Covent-Garden Theatre was reopened on Monday evening, May 14, for the usual summer season of Italian opera performances, the lessee being, for the first time here, Mr. Augustus Harris. The splendour with which this gentleman mounted Italian opera at Drury-Lane Theatre last year, and the excellence of the orchestra and chorus and most of the principals then engaged, led to great anticipations of the results of the same management with the greater scope afforded by the larger building of the Covent-Garden opera house.

We have already given an outline of Mr. Harris's prospectus of his new season, and have now only to speak of the opening performances thereof. On the first night "Lucrezia Borgia" was given, with Madame Fürsch-Madi in the title-character, in which she repeated a performance that included much effective declamation and dramatic impulse that were successfully displayed. Madame Trebelli's rendering of the music of the Page, Maffio Orsini, is too familiar to need fresh encomium; nor is it necessary again to comment on the efficiency of Signor Ravelli as Gennaro, and Signor Navarrini as Alfonso.

The second night of the season was appropriated to a performance of "Carmen," with Madame Nordica in the title-character for the first time here. In this assumption the excellent artist displayed the vocal accomplishments and dramatic power which have secured for her so high a position on the operatic stage. In the several scenes of strongly contrasted emotions—levity, jealousy, and wayward affection—her performance was of high merit, and has added another to her many previous successes. The occasion also included the first appearance here of Mdlle. Macintyre, as Micaela, and of M. Etienne De Reims, as Don José. The lady produced a highly favourable impression by a pleasing and graceful presence, a voice of agreeable quality, and much earnestness of expression. She will soon be heard to even greater advantage in a part of more importance. Miss Macintyre studied at Dr. Wylde's London Academy of Music and in Italy; she is a daughter of General Macintyre. M. De Reims was also very successful. He possesses a light tenor voice, and has been apparently well trained as a vocalist and an actor in the French school. Both the artists just referred to are likely to prove acquisitions to the company. Signor Del Puente resumed the character of Escamillo, the Toreador, his personation of which has frequently been a special feature in the opera since the earliest production of the Italian version in this country. The high vocal and dramatic merits of the performance referred to are too well known to require fresh eulogy. Subordinate characters were well sustained, and the stage arrangements were of that excellence which has long distinguished Mr. Augustus Harris's management.

On both the occasions now referred to, the orchestra (led by Mr. Carrodus) and the chorus were thoroughly efficient, and Signor Mancinelli, who conducted, was warmly welcomed in recognition of his worthy fulfilment of the office during Mr. Harris's Italian Opera season, last year, at Drury-Lane Theatre.

Simultaneously with the opening of the Royal Italian Opera, the second of the new series of Richter Concerts was taking place at St. James's Hall. The programme comprised three important pieces by Wagner—the introduction and closing scene from "Tristan und Isolde," "Der Ritt der Walküren" from "Die Walküre," and the closing scene from "Götterdämmerung," this important extract having been given for the first time here, and having included the powerful declamation of Miss Pauline Cramer. Beethoven's overture to "Egmont" opened the concert, and Professor Villiers Stanford's "Irish Symphony" completed it.

Mr. Charles Hallé's new series of chamber music concerts at St. James's Hall began well on May 11, when Dvorák's elaborate pianoforte quintet in A was worthily rendered by Mr. Hallé in association with Madame Norman-Néruda, Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Mr. F. Néruda. Mr. Hallé's solo was Beethoven's sonata in F sharp major, Op. 78; the pianist and Madame Norman-Néruda having co-operated in Bach's sonata for piano and violin in E major. An interesting programme was provided for the second concert on May 18.

Mr. Oscar Beringer—one of the most accomplished pianists of the day—gave his annual recital at St. James's Hall, on May 15, when his programme included a posthumous pianoforte trio by Beethoven; an interesting work, full of bright, genial melody, in the composer's early style. The recital opened with the fifth "Rhapsodie Elégiaque" of Liszt, which was given in memory of the late Walter Bache; and the programme comprised Schumann's Sonata in G minor, and solo pieces by Chopin, Dr. Mackenzie, and Rubinstein; and an arrangement, for two pianofortes, of Liszt's "Poème Symphonique," entitled "Tasso"; the second piano part assigned to Mr. Luigi Arditi, jun. Vocal pieces were rendered with much refinement by Mdlle. Trebelli; and the violinist and violoncellist in the trio were, respectively, Herr Ludwig and Mr. E. Howell.

Mr. Stephen Kemp's concert, on the evening of the same day as Mr. Hallé's first performance, merits a word of recognition as having included the sound pianoforte playing of Mr. Kemp, and the co-operation of other estimable artists.

A concert, presenting many and varied attractions, was organised on May 11, at Prince's Hall, in aid of Mr. Constantine, a meritorious and hard-working professor, who is disabled by paralysis from following his profession. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Mr. A. H. Littleton, 1, Berners-street.

The Bach Choir gave an afternoon performance on May 12 of the Mass in B minor, the most important of the several pieces of Catholic service-music composed by Bach. This elaborate work, the grandest of its composer's several productions of the kind, was very finely given.

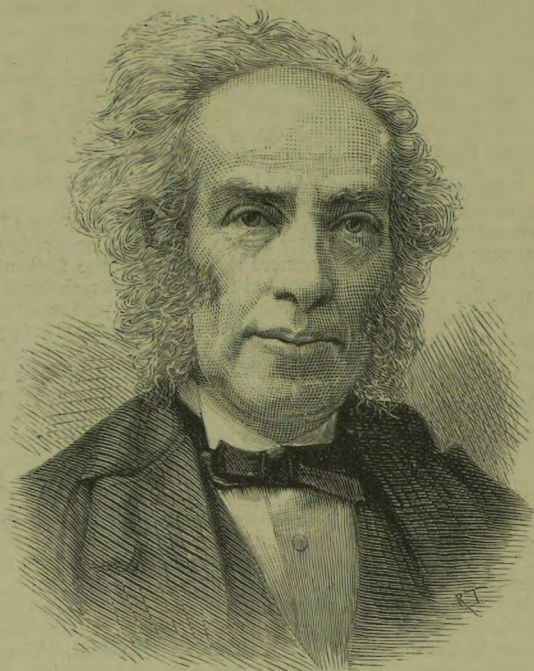
In a previous list of recent concerts mention should have been made of that of May 9, given at St. James's Hall by Miss Beata Francis, an esteemed vocalist, whose performances, and those (instrumental and vocal) of several eminent artists, made up an attractive programme.

The programme of Mr. Aguilar's performance of a third selection from his pianoforte works—at St. James's Hall on May 14—included several important works; among them, an overture and two sonatas, besides lighter pieces.

Mr. Theodore Werner gave his second orchestral concert on May 15 at St. James's Hall; Mr. Isidore De Lara gave a vocal recital at Steinway Hall on the 16th, this being his first appearance in public since his return to England; and Herr Edvard Grieg's concert at St. James's Hall, on the same day, comprised vocal and instrumental works in various styles by the concert-giver, the eminent Norwegian composer.

Comment must be reserved on the fifth Philharmonic concert of the season, which was announced to take place at St. James's Hall on Thursday evening, May 17—too late for present notice.

On the same date Otto Hegner gave another pianoforte recital, the programme of which included pieces in the classical and brilliant styles. The marvellous playing of the juvenile pianist continues to exercise a strong attraction.



THE LATE PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI,
COMMERCIAL LAW REFORMER.



THE LATE SIR CHARLES TILSTON BRIGHT,
ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH ENGINEER.

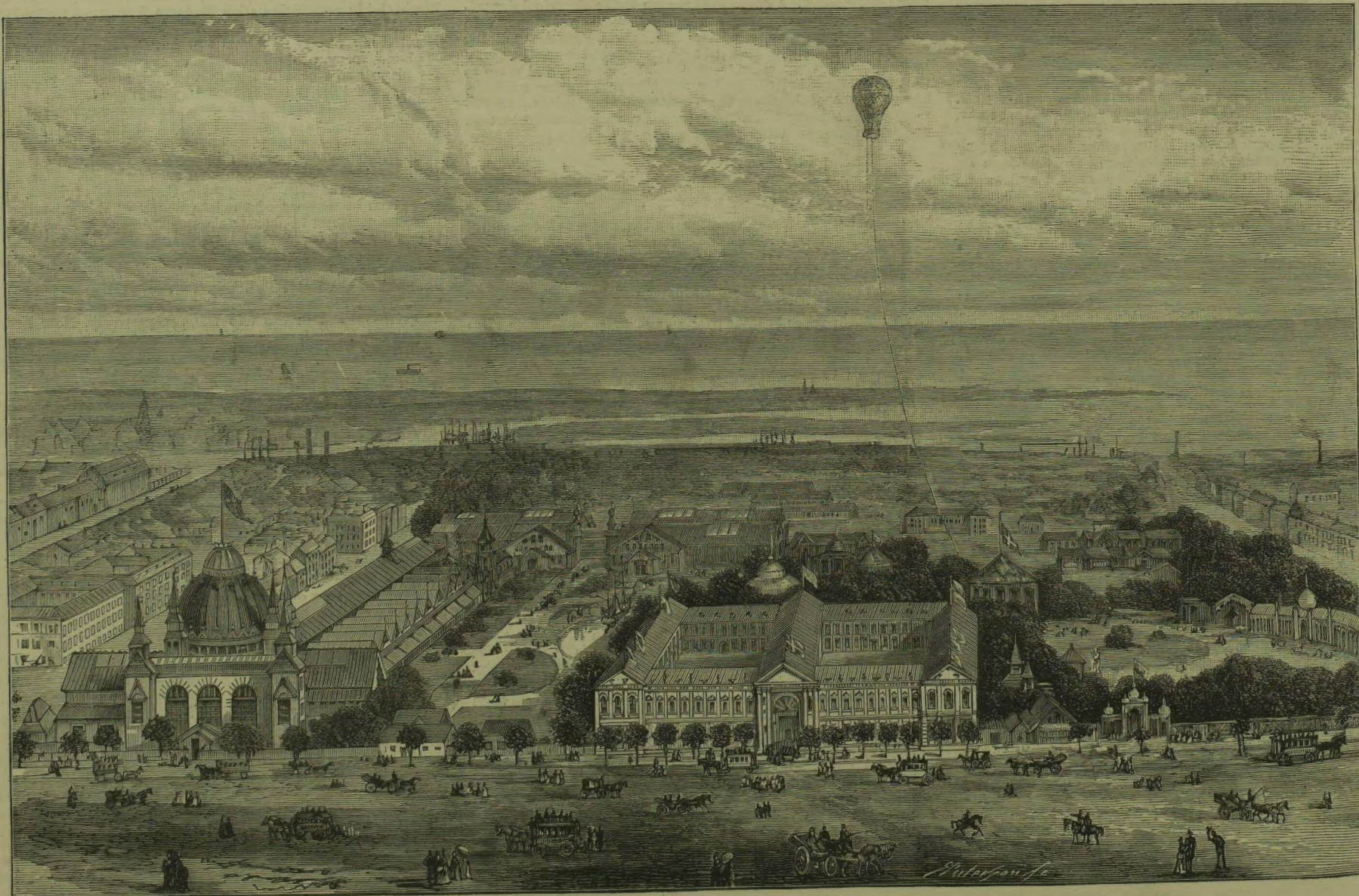
THE LATE SIR CHARLES BRIGHT.

This eminent electrical engineer, one of the founders of the first Atlantic telegraph, has lately died. Charles Tilston Bright was born in 1832, youngest son of the late Mr. Brailsford Bright, of an old Yorkshire family; was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, and turned his attention to electricity and chemistry. He worked some years, under Sir William Fothergill Clarke, in the establishment of telegraph lines in the north of England and Scotland. In 1852 he was appointed engineer-in-chief to the Magnetic Telegraph Company, in whose service his elder brother Edward was manager. The two brothers patented a series of inventions in telegraphic apparatus. Among these were the testing insulated conductors to localise faults; the dividing coils into compartments and winding the wire so as to fill each compartment successively, whereby a greater determination of polarity is gained; the employment of a movable coil on an axis actuated by a fixed coil; the double roof shackle; the vacuum lightning protector; the translator or repeater for relaying and re-transmitting electric currents in both directions on a single wire; the employment of a metallic ribbon for the protection of the insulated conductors of submarine or underground cables; the production of a varying contact with mercury proportionate to the pressure exerted upon it; a new type-printing instrument; and a method of laying underground wires in troughs. While working out these inventions he was also engaged in laying down lines in many parts of the United Kingdom, and

he laid down the first cable which united Great Britain with Ireland in 1853. He was already planning the continuation of the wire across the Atlantic, experimenting on the system of insulating wires in gutta-percha tubes; and his experiments on a wire 2600 miles long led to the conviction that telegraphic communication with America was easy. He and his friends raised the capital necessary for the purpose, and in 1858, as engineer-in-chief, he successfully laid the first Atlantic cable. The cable was made in England, and the laying of over 2000 miles was completed in August, 1858. This line broke after a few weeks, and it was in 1864 that a cable was laid which served for public traffic. After carrying out operations in submarine telegraphy in the Mediterranean and in the Baltic, he was summoned by the Government of India to complete the communication with Europe, which work he personally superintended and accomplished by joining Kurrachee with the northern end of the Persian Gulf. Within the next few years he superintended the laying of cables between the United States and Cuba, and united various parts of North and South America, and the West Indies, and other places. In 1865 he advocated submarine telegraphs to China and Australia, and gained the Telford gold medal of the Institution. He was Vice-President of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, and a Fellow of several learned societies. He was elected M.P. for Greenwich in 1865, and represented that place several years. In 1881 he was appointed Commissioner, with the Earl of Crawford and others, to represent this country at the French International Exhibition.

THE LATE PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI.

Dr. Leone Levi, whose death took place on May 7, was born in 1821, at Ancona, and came to this country in pursuit of commerce. The difficulties of the commercial laws in this and in other countries induced him to become a law reformer and a member of the English Bar. He devoted much time and energy to the organising of chambers of commerce. The Liverpool chamber was founded in 1849, and similar institutions afterwards in other commercial towns. In 1850 he published his "Commercial Law of the World," which gained the Swiney Prize awarded by the Society of Arts for the best essay on international law. In 1852 he was appointed to the Chair of Commercial Law in King's College, London—a post he filled with great efficiency for many years, especially in connection with the evening classes. He was created a Doctor of Political and Economical Science by the University of Tübingen in 1861, and was a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries and of the Royal Geographical Society. He received gold medals from the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of the French; and the King of Italy conferred upon him the rank of Cavaliere of Sts. Maurizio and Lazzaro and of the Crown of Italy. Dr. Levi's latest work was a treatise on international law, dedicated, by permission, to the Queen. He always retained a love of his native land, and laid the foundation of a library at Ancona for promoting technical education. The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry



THE SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRIES AT COPENHAGEN.



1. Officers and Men of the Danish Navy, from the Ship Dagmar.

2. Ophelia's Well.

3. A Danish Village.

4. Costumes of Amager Villagers.

SKETCHES IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES INSPECTING THE ALBUM OF SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE BRITISH HOME FOR INCURABLES.

OPENING OF THE ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION.

THE ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION.

The "happy thought" of holding an Anglo-Danish Fête and Exhibition in London for a charitable purpose occurred to Mr. R. Goffton-Salmond last autumn whilst on a holiday trip to Copenhagen. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who was on a visit with the Princess at the time to the King of Denmark, at once favoured the idea, saying that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to assist a project which would pleasantly recall sunny memories of her native land to the Princess. It thus came about that the Anglo-Danish Exhibition Fête was organised in the gardens and arcades adjoining the Albert Hall; and that a decision was arrived at to devote the profits realised to rebuilding the British Home for Incurables at Clapham as a benevolent memorial of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales—a most appropriate memorial, considering that this beneficial institution was the first of which her Royal Highness became patroness after her marriage in 1863.

The attractive ceremony of opening the Exhibition was performed by the Princess of Wales, supported by the Prince, with a graceful charm peculiarly her own in the Albert Hall, on Monday afternoon, the Fourteenth of May. Her Royal Highness, as usual, distinguished herself as Queen of Fashion, so simply elegant was her beautifully-fitting silver-grey silk dress. The costumes of the Princess and of her daughters were in the best of good taste. Suffice it here to add, with respect to the inauguration, that the gracious presence of the Princess; the incomparable singing of "God save the Queen" and "Home, Sweet Home," by Madame Albani; the quaintly picturesque appearance of Mdle. Otta Brönnum in Amager costume to sing "Danmark mit Fædreland"; the glowing brilliancy of the costumes worn by the group of Danish peasants; and the cordial welcome given by the Prince in his characteristically neat speech to the bronzed officers and cadets of the Danish war-ship Dagmar, invested the ceremonial with particular interest. The Royal party then proceeded to take tea in the model Danish village, from which can be viewed the scenic realisation of the blue ice-mountains of Iceland; and their Royal Highnesses were loyally gazed at by the thousands who lined the terrace above. It is satisfactory to know that the Duke of Cambridge, in presiding at the evening banquet, in the Conservatory, pleaded the cause of the British Home for Incurables to such good purpose that the sum of £5000 was added to the funds of the charity; one anonymous donor generously promising £1000 to endow a bed with. Earl Amherst and the Treasurers of the Home had, it should be stated, a pleasing duty to discharge when they presented to the Princess in the Albert Hall the handsome album containing 1560 collecting cards representing £2210, collected in small sums from all parts of the United Kingdom to found the "Alexandra" Bed and Pension, in commemoration of the Silver Wedding. Her Royal Highness is sketched in one of our illustrations regarding this beautiful album.

The main attractions of the Exhibition Fête at South Kensington will be found in the grounds, where Lieutenant Dan Godfrey's Band of the Grenadier Guards, and the Coldstream Guards' Band, conducted by Mr. Thomas, are to play for the rest of the London season. But all the features will be found set forth in the flowery pages of the readable Exhibition Hand-book of Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G., the courteous Literary Superintendent, who had the honour to be presented to the Princess, and to receive a hearty shake-hands from the Prince of Wales. Her Royal Highness has contributed to the collection of Danish pictures in the Albert Hall gallery a picture of Rosenberg Castle; there is a vivid portrait of broad-browed Thorwaldsen, the famous Danish sculptor; and among the finest examples of Danish art shown are A. Møller's "Life-boat Returning," and A. Normann's bold, rocky Fjord. An interesting relic has been lent by Mr. Edward Ledger in the shape of Shakspeare's chair. As mementoes of Shakspeare's great Danish tragedy, there have been arranged on the eastern side of the gardens a replica of Hamlet's grave and a representation of Ophelia's well. It is safe to say that the homely and picturesque peasants in Amager costumes in the Danish Village will be the "lions" of the Exhibition, of which Mr. Thomas Winter is the experienced and capable General Superintendent. The giant Canadian toboggan slides erected by Messrs. C. J. Whellams and C. R. Beswetherick behind the Danish Village will vie in popularity with the grand new "Switchback Railway," poetically designated "Sleighs Among the Ice Slopes." There is a cunningly-devised Danish Grotto, which is also a Picture Peepshow. Zoologists will delight in the groups of Polar bears on an ice-floe, and ptarmigan, eider ducks, grebes, guillemots, teal, ruffs, and reeves from Danish Greenland and Iceland, artistically arranged by Mr. Rowland Ward, F.Z.S., of Piccadilly, in a huge show-case.

The bright, particular attractions for the little folks will be the exceedingly beautiful and impressive Tableaux Vivants of episodes in the fairy stories of Hans Christian Andersen, skilfully arranged under the direction of Mr. H. Savile Clarke, whose stage adaptation of "Alice in Wonderland" will be remembered with pleasure. Nothing prettier in the way of stage illusion could be conceived. Each living picture is simply charming. The tableaux, which are first clearly explained by Mr. Geo. Temple, comprise an exquisitely sympathetic representation of "The Little Match Girl," "The Emperor's New Clothes," "Tommelise," "The Swineherd and the Princess," and "The Marsh King's Daughter," each being accompanied by appropriate choruses and orchestral music. Mr. E. B. Norman deserves to be complimented upon his adroit disposition of the various groups, which are certain to afford great pleasure to the public in the compact little Andersen Theatre.

The illumination of the gardens at night by Mr. James Pain with countless coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns is the crowning glory of the Anglo-Danish Exhibition. The scene is alluringly beautiful; Mr. Pain having so ingeniously conveyed the idea of great distance that the illuminated gardens present the appearance of a large Fairy City. So superlatively attractive is this artistic illumination that out of the Exhibition receipts enough should soon be forthcoming to build the new Home for Incurables, which is to stand as an enduring monument of the deserved popularity of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes has resigned his membership of the Royal Society of British Artists.

The Duchess of Albany distributed, on May 12, in the Guildhall—the Lord Mayor presiding—the prizes gained during the year by the members of the Volunteer Staff Corps.

The fifty-second annual meeting of the Provincial Newspaper Society was held at the Salisbury Hotel, Fleet-street, on May 9—the president, Mr. John Lovell, occupying the chair. The annual dinner took place in the evening at the Holborn Restaurant. There was a large attendance. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were cordially drunk. Lord Brassey and Mr. Broadhurst responded to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament." "Success to the Provincial Newspaper Society and the President-elect" was proposed by the retiring president, and drunk with enthusiasm. Mr. Edward Lawson responded to the toast of "The London Press."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E T (Bath).—Thanks for game and information. The former shall appear immediately.

DELTA.—We are pleased to hear from so old a contributor, and he may rest assured that the games shall receive early attention.

J E SINGLETON.—(1) "Cook's Synopsis"; but a new work is in the press, to which we referred last week. (2) "English Chess Problems," "The Chess Problem," and J W Abbott's, the latter being of recent publication. (3) Apply to J Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

R P Q.—No. 1 seems a fair problem, and, if found correct, will probably be published. No. 2 is not so good, having no point.

H P (Dudley).—Your inventive genius comes, at least, half-a-century too late. Those persistent plagiarists, the ancients, knew your position as the Indian Problem, and J B of Bridport published a form of it almost identical with yours. The two moves does not seem to have reached us.

J ANYDALIS.—The last is wanting in the neatness of that recently published.

N F BRAUND (Ware).—Your game was in type for insertion last week, but want of space compelled us to hold it over. Its publication elsewhere readers it now of no further use. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2296 received from F R Krough (St. Paul, Minn.), J W Shaw (Montreal), An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), Rev. J Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.), and J W (Toronto); of Problem No. 2297 from Joseph Pullen and J W; of Problem No. 2298 from W Shaw (Sheffield), R H Brooks, and J T Pullen; of Problem No. 2299 from Mrs. Kelly, G J Hull, H P (Dudley), H J McGuinness, Benedict, W Sewell (Wootton), J Pullen, and R J Fisher.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2300 received from W H D (Woburn), C W Smetton (Royal Artillery), G J Veale, G S Hartley, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Jupiter Junior, H Lucas, E Phillips, Howard A, L Wynnan, E Casella (Paris), W Hillier, M C Tubby, G Rippon, F Littlejohn, E B Schwann, H P (Dudley), Lieut-Col. Lordine (R.A.), J E M B (Leicester), Landsdowne Hotel, J D Tucker (Leeds), S J Hull, T Roberts, J E Singleton, Bernard Reynolds, Mrs. Kelly, R F N Banks, S J Powell, D M Coy, Thomas Chown, E, Alpha, Julia Short, H B S, Brutus, L Penfold, Columbus, C F Stedman, L Desanges, R J Fisher, C J Boorne, G Glover, Blair H Cochrane, S A P (Hampton Wick), Hereward, Pierre de M, J G Hankin, Dr Walz (Heidelberg), Rev G T Salisbury, T H Tidswell, C E F, Shadforth, John F Wilkinson (B.A.), Dane John, Mrs W J Baird, Ben Rhydding, J Ross, W J Warren, Peterhouse, Dr F S, J R Neuman, T Brown, W R Railien, R Worters (Canterbury), E B H, James Kistruck, Indo China, R H Brooks, Major Prichard, W Wright, Anglin (Lyme-Regis), W L Martin (Gosmander, R.N.), J Hepworth Shaw, J Hall, Odham Club (Winchfield), Florence Jay, and Monroe.

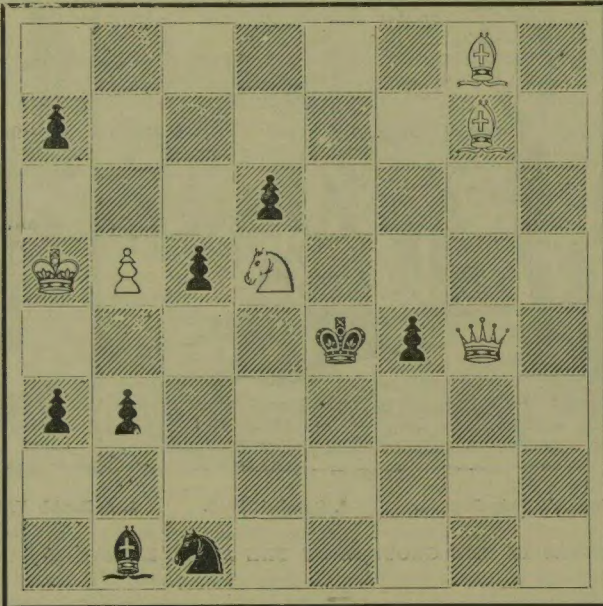
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2293.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K Kt 6th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2302.

By CECIL A. L. BULL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Handicap at Simpson's between
Messrs. GUNSBURG and ZUKERTORT.
(Two Knights' Game.)

| | | | |
|------------------|----------------|---|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. G.) | BLACK (Dr. Z.) | WHITE (Mr. G.) | BLACK (Dr. Z.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | The attack is maintained with relentless vigour. The Kt cannot be taken without loss, and soon becomes a powerful factor in the game. | |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | | |
| 3. Kt to B 3rd | Kt to B 3rd | | |
| 4. P to Q R 3rd | P to Q 4th | | |
| | | | |
| 5. B to Kt 5th | P to Q 5th | | |
| 6. Kt to K 2nd | B to Q 2nd | | |
| 7. P to Q 3rd | B to Q 3rd | | |
| 8. Kt to Kt 3rd | Kt to K 2nd | | |
| 9. K B to B 4th | P to K R 3rd | | |
| 10. Castles | P to K Kt 4th | | |

In the Bradford match Blackburne played P to Q 3rd in answer to Gunsberg's fourth move of P to Q R 3rd.

Far too venturesome for match play, from which Black never recovers. Kt to Kt 3rd was quite safe.

An excellent reply, giving White immediately the better position.

11. P to B 3rd P takes P |

12. P to Q 4th Kt to Kt 3rd |

13. Kt P takes P Castles |

14. Kt to B 5th |

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

The following game was played by Mr. WYKE BAYLISS without sight of the board.
(Double Gambit)

| | | | |
|---|-------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. Wyke Bayliss) | BLACK (Rev. W. Bayliss) | WHITE (Mr. Wyke Bayliss) | BLACK (Rev. W. Bayliss) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | Anything to break White's centre. | |
| 2. P to B 4th | B to B 4th | 14. Kt takes P | Q takes Kt |
| 3. P to Q Kt 4th | B takes Kt P | 15. B takes P | Q to K 2nd |
| 4. P to B 4th | P takes P | 16. Q to B 5th (ch) | K to B sq |
| | | 17. B takes P | |
| A brilliant, but not sound, opening; but, in this case, the risk is legitimate. | | Forcing the Q out of play. | |
| 5. Kt to K B 3rd | Q to K 2nd | 17. R takes P (ch) | Q takes B |
| 6. Kt to K 2nd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 18. R takes P (ch) | K to K 2nd |
| 7. P to B 3rd | B to R 4th | 19. Q to Kt 5th (ch) | |
| 8. Castles | B to Kt 3rd (ch) | | |
| 9. P to Q 4th | P to Kt 4th | Preparing for another rivet. | |
| 10. K to R sq | P to B 4th | 19. K to K sq | K to K 2nd |
| Seeking exchanges, and so to win by the gambit Pawns. | | 20. B to K 2nd | Kt to K 2nd |
| 11. P to K 6th | P to Q 3rd | 21. B to R 5th (ch) | Kt to Kt 3rd |
| 12. P to K 6th | Kt to Q sq | 22. B takes Kt | P takes B |
| 13. P to K 6th | P to B 3rd | 23. Q takes P (ch) | K to K 2nd, |
| | | and White mates in three moves. | |

We take the following beautiful ending from the current number of the Chess Monthly. It occurred in a game between Mr. Pollock (White) and Mr. Lee (Black) in the recent handicap at Simpson's, and a special prize was given by Mr. F. H. Lewis for its brilliancy.

White: K at K R sq, Q at K 3rd, R's at K B sq, and K sq, B at Q Kt 2nd, Kt's at K Kt 3rd and K R 3rd; P's at K R 2nd, K Kt 2nd, K B 4th, K 5th, Q 2nd, and Q R 3rd.

Black: K at K Kt sq, Q at Q sq, R's at K B sq, and Q R sq, B's at K 2nd, and Q 2nd, Kt at Q Kt 3rd; P's at K R 2nd, K B 2nd, K Kt 3rd, K 3rd, Q 4th, Q Kt 4th and 6th.

White having the move the game continued thus:—21. P to B 5th K P takes P; 22. Q to R 6th, B to K 3rd; 23. R takes P, B takes R; 24. Kt takes B, P takes Kt; 25. R to K 3rd, R to R 5th; 26. P to K 6th, R to K Kt 5th; 27. Kt to Kt 5th, R takes Kt; 28. R to B 3rd and wins.

The return-match between the Clifton and Bath Chess Clubs, played at Bath on May 3, resulted in a tie.

Judgment has been given in the House of Lords in the long-pending litigation between the London, Chatham, and Dover and the South-Eastern Railway Companies. The decision of Mr. Justice Chitty in favour of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, which had been confirmed by the Court of Appeal, has been affirmed by their Lordships.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The potent influence of the Press on public opinion and on Parliament was strikingly exemplified by the unwonted excitement occasioned in the House of Lords through the publication in the *Daily Telegraph* of a sensational article under the alarming heading of "England in Danger." This stimulating article appears to have considerably fluttered the dove-cotes of the War Office on the morning of Friday, May the Eleventh; and in the afternoon, Lord Hardinge, a former Under-Secretary for War, rose in the Chamber of Peers to gravely ask the Commander-in-Chief what foundation there was, if any, for the panic statement. It had been roundly declared that the alarm was actually sounded on "the highest military authority"; and the Duke of Cambridge, in frankly responding, drily said he had hitherto thought that he occupied that highly responsible position in the State; but the illustrious Duke promptly repudiated the notion that he had had any voice in inspiring the warlike article, the publication of which he grievously regretted. "As to talking of immediate danger," added his Royal Highness, "or anything of that sort, I for myself cannot be a party to any such words." The Duke fully believed the result of the present deliberations would be that the Government would take such precautionary defensive measures "as will be at the same time satisfactory to the country and agreeable to those who, like myself, take a warm interest in the naval and military position of England." The Marquis of Salisbury next girded his loins, and approached the table to try a rhetorical fall with Lord Wolseley, who was absent, but whose habit of expatiating after dinner on the inadequateness of our measures for national defence was emphatically censured by the Prime Minister.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! The Duke of Cambridge had to go to Windsor to explain the matter personally to the Queen. General Lord Wolseley's habitual calm was ruffled. Indeed, the contemplated resignation of the gallant Adjutant-General of the Forces was rumoured on the Saturday. But happily, this untoward result did not follow. The supposititious "enemy at the gates," phantom presumably of Sir Edwin Arnold's vividly poetical imagination, was in the meantime considerate enough to delay the invasion of England.

Lord Wolseley proved himself a thorough man of mettle when he came to deliver his defence in the House of Lords on Monday, the Fourteenth of May. He resolutely stuck to his guns. The brisk engagement was witnessed by a large and distinguished assemblage, including several Peersesses in the galleries, Lady Salisbury and Lady Rosebery being recognised among the engrossed noblewomen. It would have made an historic picture. Not only were the Ministerial and front Opposition benches filled by the leading Conservative and Liberal statesmen, the serenely placid Prime Minister faced by the imperturbably amiable Earl Granville; but Mr. Gladstone, the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Childers were among the ex-Ministers who, with the Secretary of State for War and others, took their stand on the steps of the throne behind beaming Baron Halsbury, and eagerly awaited the rising of Lord Wolseley. The noble and gallant Viscount (with whom the Duke of Cambridge had cordially shaken hands on entering) rose from the second cross-bench, having the Commander-in-Chief seated in front of him; and firmly abided by every word he had said as regards the insufficiency of our military and naval forces to meet Imperial exigencies in the event of our being involved in a great war. Lord Wolseley did not disguise his regret that the Prime Minister should have spoken of him as he did; but his Lordship asserted that nothing was further from his intentions than to cast reflections on the Government, which, he had the best reasons for knowing, was doing its best to grapple with the difficulties of the military situation. The most important sentence was that in which he reiterated, "that as long as the Navy is as weak as it is at this moment her Majesty's Army cannot hold its own all over the world, dispersed as it is; that our defences at home and abroad at the present moment are in an unsatisfactory condition, and that our military forces are not organised or equipped as they should be to guarantee even the safety of the capital in which we are at this moment." The Marquis of Salisbury justified his strictures on Lord Wolseley's speech at the Pender banquet; but gilded the pill of proof with the sugary assurance that he "should regret his leaving the public service as the greatest blow which could fall upon the military administration." As Foreign Secretary, Lord Salisbury gave Lord Wolseley at the same time a seasonable reminder that England had Allies to depend upon in any emergency. Earl Granville having good-naturedly administered a rapier-thrust to Lord Wolseley for his implied condemnation of past Liberal Ministries, the Duke of Cambridge had, with ready tact, but to add a few conciliatory words to solace the aggrieved Adjutant-General, who undisputably had the best of the battle of words.

A most admirable marble portrait-bust of Lord Salisbury, the work of Mr. Bruce-Joy, was unveiled on the Fifteenth of May by the Marchioness of Salisbury at the Mansion House; and the truly remarkable excellence of the likeness was borne witness to by Lord Cranborne and the Duke of Rutland.

Mr. Gladstone's wonderful vitality and vigour were notably proved once again in the energetic speech, full of "grip," he made at the Farringdon-street Memorial Hall, on the Ninth of May, in returning thanks for the Address of sympathy with him on the Irish Question, signed by 4000 Nonconformists.

Doings in the Commons have been generally tame compared with the militant encounter in the Lords. In his capacity as Civic Reformer, on the Eighth of May, Mr. Firth severely called the City Corporation over the coals for extravagant expenditure, and the City Elders were only saved from censure by a small majority against the Firth resolution. That ardent temperance advocate, Mr. T. W. Russell, on the Ninth succeeded in carrying the second reading of his Bill to close Irish public-houses at nine o'clock on Saturday nights. On the Tenth, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach secured the second reading of the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill, which was referred to the Committee on Trade and Agriculture. On the Eleventh, Mr. Smith's detention on an urgent matter of public business was the cause of some confusion in the Conservative ranks, and brought about some curious cross-voting on Mr. Bradlaugh's motion that new members should be immediately called by the Speaker to take their seats; but in the end Mr. Bradlaugh was discomfited. On the Fourteenth of May, Mr. Healy raised a fruitless academic discussion on the point whether it was justifiable for an Irish Magistrate to say officially that Mr. Dillon had been committed to jail for six months for "taking part in the Plan of Campaign"; and the rest of the evening was given up to cavil against the salary of Colonel King-Harman. On the Fifteenth, Mr. Smith, in Committee on the Imperial Defences Bill, obtained the round sum asked for (over three millions) to build and arm the Australian Squadron, and to defend certain ports and coaling-stations. Mr. Leonard Courtney has most ably filled the Speaker's Chair during Mr. Peel's continued indisposition; but it is to be hoped the right hon. gentleman will be well enough to resume his place after the Whitsuntide vacation.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, May 15.

The event of the week has been Boulanger's journey through the Department of the Nord, where he has visited the towns of Dunkirk, Lille, Valenciennes, Saint-Quentin, and minor places, making speeches in each and acting in the usual manner of demagogues. Wherever he went the General's presence provoked disorder and discord; the rabble was evidently in his favour; in most places the cheers dominated the hisses; but, as far as one can make out, the journey was not absolutely a triumphal progress. The burden of the General's speeches was a violent attack on parliamentary government, and the refrain was dissolution and revision. A more precise programme he did not offer, and even when asked by the Mayor of Anzin, point-blank, whether or not he was with the Reactionaries, he avoided answering directly, thus leaving his plans and views as vague as ever, in spite of his protestations against those who accused him of desiring to become Dictator and to make war.

The Chambers met to-day after their Easter vacation to find themselves in presence of a very grave political situation, for, say what we will, Boulanger and his so-called national party is a danger that cannot be neglected. By taking for his motto dissolution of the Chamber and revision of the Constitution, Boulanger has acquired a formula of opposition which enables him to hold aloof from active politics. "Give me what I demand," he says, "and then I will develop my programme of political, social, and military reform." Meanwhile, all the rabble, all who are discontented, all who are opposed to the present state of affairs, rally round him, and France watches in alarm. On the other hand, in spite of agitation, of violence of language, and violence of provocation, the country remains calm; there is not even an incipient current of revolution, and if the Chamber can only avoid sterile political discussion and settle down to business, the odds will be in its favour against the partisans of dissolution.

At the Legislative election in the Isère, on Sunday, the Radical, Gaillard, was elected by 40,260 votes against 37,673 given to the Republican Girerd, and 14,223 given to Boulanger.

The Comédie Française has given us a real treat in two new pieces in verse—"Le Filibustier," three acts, by Jean Richepin; and "Le Baiser," one act, by Théodore De Banville. The scene of the former is laid at Saint-Malo, in the seventeenth century; and throughout the plot, which is touching but ordinary, there runs a strain of grandiose and poetic eulogy of the sea, that forms the keynote of the piece. This eulogy is put into the mouth of an old sailor, Maître Legoez, of which Got has made a most remarkable creation—one of his best, if not his very best, even after his wonderful creations in the "Gendre de Monsieur Poirier" and the "Fourchambault." Even if it were not for the merits of the piece itself, "Le Filibustier" ought to be seen for Got's rôle. Banville's "Baiser" is an exquisite linguistic and poetic fancy, where rhyme commands instead of obeying, as Boileau says it should, and where Pierrot and the fairy Urgèle dazzle and amuse us by the witty and prodigious prosody of their dialogue. Pierrot is Coquelin cadet, and Urgèle is Mdlle. Reichemberg, who has never been more winning and youthful than she appears in this rôle.

Alongside the Champ de Mars, in the Avenue Suffren, the Bastille and the old Rue Saint-Antoine have been reconstructed in facsimile and life-size under the direction of M. Ch. Garnier, the architect of the Opéra. The show, similar to the "Old London" that we saw recently at South Kensington, is completed by wax-work figures and living figures in costume, and forms a quaint and amusing combination of history, archaeology, and the distractions of a café-concert. The show will remain open until the end of the exhibition year.

We are threatened with two more posthumous volumes of verse by Victor Hugo, under the title of "Toute la Lyre." The poet's literary executors announce that they will publish posthumous poems, plays, and novels, and some five volumes of correspondence—in all a series of volumes that will last over a period of ten years.

Mr. Henry Reeve, C.B., has been elected a member and Foreign Associate of the Academy of Moral and Political Science.

Some curious experiments were made at Argenteuil last week with a new explosive invented by a Swede, M. Carl Lamm, and called "Bellite," a sort of yellow, fine sand, composed of nitrate of ammonia and binitro-benzine, and inflammable only by contact with a fulminant cap, when it develops with a smaller volume a force greater than that of dynamite, gun-cotton, or any other known explosive. Most of the foreign military Attachés were present at these experiments.

T. C.

Queen Christina, with the infant Prince and the Princesses, left Madrid on the morning of Sunday, May 13, for Saragossa, on her way to Barcelona, to open the Exhibition there. She was accompanied by Señor Sagasta and the Minister of War. Her Majesty was loyally greeted at all the stations through which the Royal train passed, and she met with a most enthusiastic reception on her arrival at Saragossa in the afternoon. She subsequently drove to the Cathedral, where a Te Deum was sung. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated.

The German Emperor continues to make satisfactory progress. On May 12 the Empress, accompanied by some members of her family, visited two of the chief new market halls at Berlin, and was ceremoniously received and guided by the Burgomaster, Herr Von Forckenbeck, and several other civil functionaries, wearing their chains of office.—It is announced that the marriage of Prince Henry of Prussia and Princess Irene of Hesse will be celebrated on May 24, the birthday of Queen Victoria, in the Castle Chapel at Charlottenburg.

The new English church at Bellagio, Lake of Como, Italy, which has been built under the auspices of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, will be dedicated on Whit Sunday by Bishop Marsden (late of Bathurst), acting under the commission of the Bishop of Gibraltar.

A monument of the Empress Maria Theresa was unveiled in Vienna on May 13 by the Emperor, in the presence of all the members of the Imperial family and a distinguished gathering; and in the evening there was a gala performance at the Opera.—Next day, the Emperor Francis Joseph opened the Industrial Exhibition in Vienna, which commemorates the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the throne. A large and distinguished company was present.

An estate in Finland, not far from Wyborg, has been bought by the Czar. It is not very extensive, but comprises a stretch of river noted for excellent salmon-fishing, of which the Emperor is very fond.

The United States Senate has passed the International Copyright Bill.

The Canadian House of Commons, by 111 votes to 63, has passed a resolution accepting the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's terms for the cancelling of the monopoly in

Manitoba and the North-West Territory.—Dr. Lynch, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto, died on May 12 of congestion of the lungs.—The Protestant cathedral of St. Paul, at Buffalo, has been burned down through the explosion of natural gas in the vaults beneath the edifice.

Both the Newfoundland Houses of Parliament have passed the Fisheries Bill.

The Brazilian Chamber has voted the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery in Brazil.

Official returns show that the Indian Revenue for the financial year 1887-8 was £397,000 in excess of the amount expected. The deficit is now £2,620,000, instead of £3,017,000, as originally estimated.

The New Zealand Parliament was opened on May 10 by the Governor, Sir William Jervois, who, in his speech on the occasion, dwelt upon the signs of improvement in various industries in the colony, and particularly in mining. Efforts would be made, said the Governor, to reduce expenditure. The working of the Land Act was satisfactory, and the Maoris were contented. The Chinese difficulty would continue to be a serious matter until England and China came to some agreement on the subject.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

At a meeting of this institution held on May 10, at its house, John-street, Adelphi, rewards were granted to crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, and to the crews of shore-boats and others, for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. During the current year the institution has been instrumental by its life-boats, and by other means, for which it has granted rewards, in saving 324 lives from various wrecks, in addition to rescuing fifteen vessels from destruction. Payments amounting to £2752 were ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were £700 from a lady to defray the cost of a new life-boat for Movagissey, Cornwall, to be named the "John Arthur." New life-boats were sent during the past month to Alnmouth, and Seaton Carew. Deep regret was expressed at the decease of the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Alfred P. Ryder, K.C.B., who had been a member of the Committee of Management of the institution for thirty years.

The Archbishop of Canterbury gave his annual dinner to the Bishops at Lambeth Palace on May 15.

The Duke of Norfolk has subscribed £100 towards the Armada Memorial to be erected on Plymouth Hoe.

Surrey sustained an overwhelming defeat at Kennington Oval on May 15 at the hands of the Australians, who won by an innings and 154 runs.

A bazaar, organised with the object of raising funds towards building the Queen Victoria Orphanage for Girls at Kilburn, was opened on May 15 at the Prince's Hall by Princess Mary Adelaide.

The Marchioness of Salisbury, on May 15, unveiled in the Mansion House an excellent bust of the Prime Minister, executed in marble by Mr. Albert Bruce Joy, and presented to the City of London by the members of the Corporation.

The annual festival dinner in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital was held on May 15 at the Hôtel Métropole, the Duke of Cambridge presiding. Subscriptions were announced amounting to nearly £3000, of which Messrs. Rothschild contributed 150 guineas.

Madame Cellini organised an excellent morning concert on May 16, at Dudley House (by permission of the Countess of Dudley), in aid of the funds of the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, many of the nobility and several well-known professionals assisting.

The Countess of Jersey on May 15 opened Shaftesbury House, which has been erected in Shaftesbury-avenue in connection with the National Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children, to supersede the home in Great Queen-street, and to accommodate 100 destitute boys and 35 working boys, besides affording room for a club and institute and offices for the society.

His Excellency the Russian Ambassador and Madame De Staal held a reception on May 12, at the Russian Embassy, Chesham-place, at which a numerous and distinguished company assembled. Duke and Duchess Paul of Mecklenburg-Schwerin honoured the Ambassador and Madame De Staal by their presence at the reunion. The Prime Minister and Lady Salisbury were among the principal guests.

From a return recently issued, it appears that within the last ten years the rateable value of the Stratford-on-Avon Union has decreased by more than £25,000, equal to one sixth of the whole. The decrease is entirely in respect of agricultural land and buildings outside the borough, the union district covering a wide area. Property within the borough shows an increase in rateable value.

A memorial-tablet has been placed in the north transept of Chester Cathedral to the memory of the late Randolph Caldecott, who was born in Bridge-street, Chester, and was subsequently educated at King Henry VIII's School, Chester. The memorial, which has been subscribed for exclusively by the past and present scholars of the King's School, reads as follows:—"This memorial of Randolph Caldecott, an artist of rare merit, who was born in Chester, March 22nd, 1846, educated at the King's School in the same city, and died at St. Augustine, Florida, U.S.A., February 12th, 1886, was here placed by King's School boys."

A picture entitled "Purpurei Orientii Honores" ("The Purple Honours of the East") has been given deserved prominence in the entrance-hall of the Indian, Court of the Glasgow Exhibition. It is the work of Mr. Alexander Scott, well known, abroad and at home, for his facility in the treatment of Oriental landscape; and it is thus spoken of by a Glasgow paper:—"The richness of the colouring is most remarkable, the glaciers and snow-covered slopes of the huge mountains being bathed in a golden glow, whilst the vast expanse of middle distance is dyed with the richest purple hues; clouds settling in the intermediate valleys, and lying, as it were, at the feet of the spectator, give a solemnity and mystery that are very impressive."

Her Majesty's Government have awarded a gold medal to Captain Eugène Ricordel, of the French steam-ship La Valette, of Marseilles, in recognition of his services in rescuing three of the crew of the British schooner Hermes, of Fleetwood, which was wrecked in the English Channel on Feb. 1 last.—The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain T. Zeilinga, of the Dutch barque Neptunus, of Harlingen, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the British steam-ship Flaxmoss, of Lynn, whom he rescued in the English Channel on Oct. 30 last. The Board have also awarded gold shipwreck medals to T. De Boer, first mate, and H. Visser, second mate, and silver shipwreck medals and sums of money to Klaas Rindsma, Bouke Rensma, and Christian Oelsen, seamen, who, with the mates, formed the crew of the rescuing boat of the Neptunus.

OBITUARY.

VISCOUNTESS GORT.

The Right Hon. Caroline Harriet, Viscountess Gort, died on May 8, at 1, Portman-square, aged sixty-five. Her Ladyship, who was the third daughter of Henry, fourth Viscount Gage, by Elizabeth Maria, his wife, eldest daughter of the Hon. Edward Foley, of Stoke Edith, Herefordshire, married, May 4, 1847, Standish Prendergast, fourth and present Viscount Gort, and leaves issue, three sons and five daughters.

HON. ROWLAND ALLANSON WINN.

The Hon. Rowland Allanson Winn, heir-presumptive to Lord Headley, died at 12, Ovington-square on May 8, aged seventy-two. He was fifth son of the Hon. George Allanson Winn, son of the first Lord Headley, by Elizabeth Mary, his wife, eldest daughter of Mr. Lewis Majendie, of Hedingham Castle, Essex, and obtained a patent of precedence as a Baron's younger son in 1850. He was educated at King's College, Cambridge, and was a Justice of the Peace for County Kerry. The deceased gentleman married, March 28, 1854, Margaretta Stephana, second daughter of Mr. George Walker, of Overhall, Essex, and by her, who died March 10, 1871, leaves issue, one son and three daughters.

SIR WILLIAM HEWETT.

Vice-Admiral Sir William Nathan Wright Hewett, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., V.C., died at the Royal Naval Hospital, Haslar, on May 13, aged fifty-four. He was the second son of the late Dr. William Wright Hewett, of Bilham Hall, county of York. He entered the Royal Navy in 1847, became Commander in 1858, Captain in 1862, Rear-Admiral in 1878, and Vice-Admiral in 1884. He served in the Burmese War, in the Russian War, including the siege of Sebastopol and Battle of Inkermann (Legion of Honour, Sardinian War Medal, and V.C., with two dates), and in the Egyptian Campaign, 1882 (medal with clasp, 2nd class Medjidieh, and thanked by Parliament). The deceased Admiral, who was extremely popular in the service, was Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope and West Coast of Africa, 1873 to 1877, and of the East Indian Station, 1882 to 1885, and a Lord of the Admiralty in 1885. The distinction of K.C.B. was conferred on him in 1874, and that of K.C.S.I. in 1882. Sir William married, in 1857, Jane Emily Blackden, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Wood, late Consul at Patras.

MR. JAMES FRASER.

Mr. James Fraser, of Reelick, in the county of Inverness, J.P. and D.L., late Madras Civil Service, died at Sydenham, on May 4, aged sixty-eight. He was the eldest surviving son of Mr. Philip Alleck Fraser, of Culduthell, by Jane Anne, his wife, daughter of Mr. Edward Satchwell Fraser, was educated at Haileybury College, and married, Dec. 20, 1841, Emma Jane, youngest daughter of Major Owen Coyne Gray, late 20th Foot, which lady died in 1872, leaving issue. The Frasers of Reelick are a very ancient family in Inverness-shire.

MR. JOHN HOWARTH ASHTON.

Mr. John Howarth Ashton, of Polefield Hall, in the county of Lancaster, and of Hatfield Court, in the county of Hereford, died on May 9. He was born in 1840, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Ashton, of Hatfield Court, J.P. for the county of Hereford, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Slater, of Nut Bank, and was educated at Cheltenham College. The deceased gentleman was a J.P. for the counties of Hereford and Lancaster, and Major of the Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry Cavalry. He married, in 1863, Maria, daughter of Mr. Frederick Bedwell, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Robert Stammers, M.A., for fifty-six years Vicar of Quorndon, Leicestershire, on May 7, aged eighty-six.

Captain Richard Roche, R.N., of St. Boniface House, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, suddenly, at Ventnor, on May 6.

Mr. Henry Littleton, the head of the eminent musical firm known as Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., on May 11.

Captain Henry Alfred Trulock - Hankin, 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, of typhoid fever, at the Albany, Piccadilly, on May 9, aged thirty-two.

Lieutenant Falkiner, R.H.A., son of the Recorder of Dublin, accidentally drowned through the capsizing of a pleasure-boat.

Lady Buchan (Laura) widow of Lieutenant-General Sir John Buchan, K.C.B., and daughter of Colonel Mark Wilks, of Kirkby, Isle of Man, on May 10, aged ninety-one.

Mr. Henry Parsons Riviere, an old Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society, aged seventy-seven. Mr. Riviere exhibited, since 1832, at the Royal Academy, British Institution, Suffolk-street Gallery, &c.

Mr. Charles Harrison, of Areley Court, in the county of Worcester, J.P., on May 11, aged fifty-eight. He represented Bedford in Parliament as a Liberal from 1874 to 1880, when he was defeated.

Lady Knox-Gore (Sarah), widow of Sir Francis Arthur Knox-Gore, Bart., and daughter of Mr. Charles Nesbitt Knox, of Castle Lacken, on May 8, at Mount Falcon, in the county of Mayo, aged seventy-seven.

Mr. Edward Barnston Crawley-Boevey, of Flaxley, in the county of Gloucester, late Lieutenant R.A., on May 5, at 16, Fopstone-road, Earl's Court, aged forty-four. He was brother of Sir Thomas Hyde Crawley-Boevey, fifth and present Baronet.

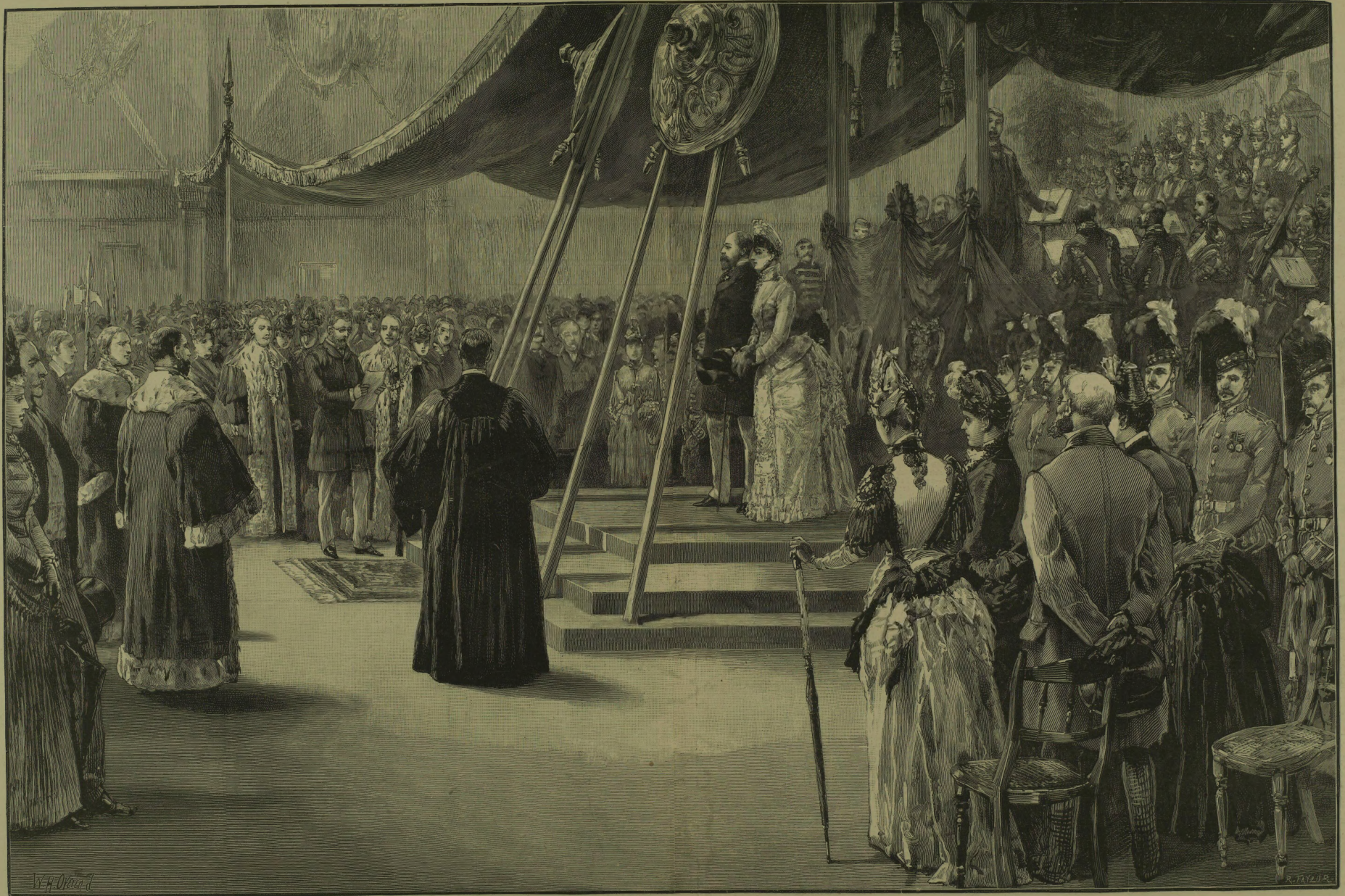
The Hon. Mrs. A. F. Northcote (Mary Arabella), wife of the Hon. and Rev. A. F. Northcote, M.A., Rector of Washfield, in the county of Devon (brother of the present Earl of Iddesleigh), and daughter of Mr. S. Bush Toler, Q.C., on May 7.

Colonel Randall Robert Burroughes, of Long Stratton, in the county of Norfolk, J.P., late 3rd Battalion Norfolk Regiment, at Florence, on May 5, aged sixty. He was the second son of the late Rev. Ellis Burroughes, of Long Stratton, J.P. and D.L., by Elizabeth Phillips, his wife, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Wilder, K.H.

Captain Douglas Walter Joseph Caulfeild Pratt, late Bucks Yeomanry Cavalry, at Rathkenny House, Slane, in the county of Meath, on May 13, aged thirty-five. He was the eldest son of Colonel Walter Caulfeild Pratt, of Oving House, J.P. and D.L. for Bucks, by the Hon. Catherine Cecilia, his wife, daughter of George, third Lord Boston.

General Edward Armstrong, C.B., on May 11, at Kirtleton House, Folkestone, aged eighty-five. He entered the Madras Army in 1820, became Captain in 1828, Major in 1839, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1843, Colonel in 1853, Major-General in 1854, and General in 1873. Served with distinction in the Burmese War (medal), and in the Kurnool Campaign. He was made C.B. in 1873. He married, in 1827, Antoinette Bertholda, daughter of the late Mr. P. J. Truter, Judge of High Court, Cape of Good Hope.

The annual festival of the Royal Blind Pension Society was held on May 14, at the Hôtel Métropole, when about 120 ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner, Lord Brassey presiding. Subscriptions to the amount of over 1000 guineas were announced, including £478 from Mrs. Wood, to provide two pensions, and 100 guineas from the chairman.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES OPENING THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

The year in which her Majesty has spent a pleasant holiday in Florence is appropriately marked by the opening in London of an Italian Exhibition rich in specimens of the art that delighted the Queen in that beautiful city. This Exhibition bids fair to be remarkably interesting when it is quite completed. It occupies the twenty-four acres at Earl's Court and West Brompton made familiar to hundreds of thousands last year by the American Exhibition, and the Indian "Wild West Show" of the adventurous hunter known as "Buffalo Bill;" and, like its predecessor, the Italian Exhibition is due to the initiation of a genius in the way of organisation, Mr. John R. Whitley. This gentleman has secured the patronage of the King of Italy and the Italian Chargé d'Affaires, and of the Prince of Naples, who is the Honorary President of the Exhibition; and Cav. L. Bonacina acts as President of the London Committee, whilst Colonel J. T. North is President of the Reception Committee.

Bright, sunny weather favoured the opening of the Exhibition on Saturday, the Twelfth of May. Visitors, on entering, were at once enlivened by the infectious gaiety of the "Masaniello"-like band of Neapolitan musicians, who jovially danced and sang to their own music on a small platform, headed by a portly, rubicund baritone not unlike Mr. Aynsley Cook, of English opera note, in form and feature. These vivacious Neapolitans have brought with them a plentiful supply of sunshine from the sunny South, and they gleefully flung it forth in merry choruses with so much good humour as to immediately instal themselves as favourites.

The throng was so vast in the large marquee erected at the further end of the main building that it was with difficulty way was made for the Lord Mayor and the other personages who had to take part in the inaugural proceedings. The dais reached at length by his Lordship and the grandiose sword-bearer and Mace-bearer, Mr. Whitley made an apt, terse speech, and was succeeded by Cav. L. Bonacina, by Commendatore Ruggero Bonghi, and by the Lord Mayor, whose remarks were exceptionally neat and apropos, especially in the passages promising a cordial welcome to the Crown Prince of Naples, and wishing success to the Exhibition. An excellent orchestra, under the direction of Signor Tito Mattei, did full justice to that popular composer's inaugural hymn, delightfully melodious and light; and Madame Nordica's sweet, resonant voice was much admired in the special ode of Signor Antonio Ghirlanzoni, "Il Segreto" having been charmingly sung by Madame Sandon, Madame Nordica followed with "Una Voce"; and "God Save the Queen" ended the ceremony.

It was a pleasure to escape from the oppressive heat of the tent to the western gardens, which have been improved beyond recognition. Almost hidden by painted canvas representing mountain slopes, the favourite "Switchback" is now called the "Alpine Railway," and the cars convey a quick succession of passengers eager to renew acquaintance with the lurches of the undulating track. Facing the "Alpine Railway," a terraced garden is being arranged after the style of the Borghese Gardens. On a sunny afternoon, it is particularly enjoyable to sit in the circle round the band-stand (transformed by Mr. Thomas W. Cutler into the Temple of Vesta), or to listen under the verandah of the snug "Welcome" Club to the marches and valse played by the Scots Guards' band. Strolling hither and thither, the visitor will not fail to admit that Mr. William Goldring has displayed much skill in planning the garden adornment of the grounds. Surprises abound. Here we come across, and inspect with curiosity, a colourable imitation of the "Blue Grotto of Capri," a nook seemingly for "whispering lovers made." The Diorama of the Bay of Naples, with Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii, and Herculaneum, and the Italian Fleet at anchor, will be found to reflect credit on the artists, Professor Lurrati, Cav. Casanovo, and Signor Romano. Crossing the Vittorio Emanuele bridge, we note that the Toboggan slide has disappeared, and that the grounds are bounded in front of us by Cav. Liverani's excellent colossal scenic representations of the Roman Forum and an Italian Market-place, in which Italian fruits and sweetmeats are purveyed under scarlet umbrellas. Close by stands a good-sized concert hall, made of corrugated iron. Mr. T. W. Cutler's serviceable plan of the Exhibition plainly indicates the positions of the other buildings in the gardens.

The exhibits have not yet been all placed in the main building; but there is already a fine array of sculpture and pictures. Entering the Exhibition from the Lillie-road, the visitor should turn to the left on descending the steps, and—a smile probably occasioned first by the grotesque statuette of "Daddy's Clothes," by Signor Focardi—admire the exquisite grace and beauty of the marble statues, which form the most attractive features of the Fine Arts section. This fine display of sculpture prepares one for the gems of art exhibited in the main avenue by Lapini Brothers, Antonio Frilli, and Peter Bazzanti and Son, of Florence. Englishmen familiar with the studio of the late Mr. Warrington Wood at Rome, and indebted to that skilled English sculptor for hearty hospitality, will be interested in his works exhibited, which include his "Rebecca," "Rachel," "Eve," "Ruth," "Proserpina," and "Diana," beautiful pieces of sculpture.

Of the Picture Galleries, the one that excites the most interest is the room devoted to Signor G. Seint's bold and heroic paintings of "The Battle of Imera," "Romans Returning from a Victory," "The Foot-race," &c. A saunter through the other rooms will doubtless elicit a meed of admiration for Bellandi's beautiful decorative piece, "Salutation of Morning" and his "Bacchante"; for Clem Origo's vigorous work, "Catching Wild Horses"; Orfei's capital little picture of "The Print-seller," P. Torrini's "Visit to the Nurse," Becchi's characterful "Coaxing," Sorbi's "Nymphs and Satyrs," Dumini's Florence Picture Gallery, Lemno's equestrian portrait of the Prince of Naples, and the same artist's dashing "Charge at Villafranca"; E. Spreafico's pathetic "Visit to the Cemetery," Pompeo Mariana's seascape and landscape, Emilio Magistrelli's Priests in the Choir, Pappacena's vivid portrait of Mr. J. R. Whitley, Pasini's Venetian subjects, G. Favretta's "Baby Show," R. Arsenise's wonderfully photographic and characteristic realisation of "La Festa del Paese," E. Vegetti's strongly dramatic "Mother, why are you weeping?"; whilst Guglielmo de Santis's equestrian portrait of the King of Italy and portrait of Queen Marguerita cannot fail to be regarded with interest.

A word of praise should be given to the fine examples of wood-carving shown by Girolama Radi, of Florence; his box-wood table-piece, snuff-taking old monk and dashing, ragged improvisatore, being wonderfully well executed. The inlaid cabinets and majolica ware, Venetian glass and cameos and coral jewellery are also noteworthy. On the right-hand side of the central court will be found a new musical instrument, the invention of Andrea Luigi Caldera. It is styled the Calder-harp, and consists of a harp with a pianoforte keyboard, which any pianist can play. The advantage claimed for the Calder-harp is that, the notes being soft, the instrument is better suited than the pianoforte to provide an accompaniment to a vocalist. Those interested in the Navy will not fail to study the well-made sectional models, lent by the Italian Government, of the great Duilio, Dandolo, Italia, and Giovanni Bausan war-ships at the north end of the main building.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The proceedings at Glasgow on Tuesday, May 8, when the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the International Exhibition, were related in our last; and we have described the plan of the Exhibition, the grounds and the buildings, of which we now present some additional Illustrations. Their Royal Highnesses came to the city from Dalzell Park, Hamilton, where they were the guests of the Marquis of Hamilton, and were received at the Glasgow Central Railway Station by the Lord Provost, Sir James King, and Lady King, who conducted them to the Corporation Chambers. Here a large company was assembled, including the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian, the Earl of Stair, and deputations from many civic municipalities of Scotland and the north of England. An address was presented from the Corporation of Glasgow. The Royal visitors then went to the residence of the Lord Provost in Claremont-terrace, passing under a triumphal arch as their carriage approached the house. Sir James and Lady King entertained them with luncheon, after which they went to the Exhibition, going under a triumphal arch at the West-end Park main entrance, and over the Prince of Wales Bridge, opposite the Exhibition gate. Sir Archibald Campbell, President of the Executive Committee, here met the Prince; and a number of gentlemen who have been active in promoting the Exhibition were introduced to his Royal Highness. Sir Archibald Campbell handed to the Prince a gold key; and his Royal Highness, amidst cheers, opened the east door of the vestibule, and entered the Exhibition. The Prince and Princess walked to the front of the platform of the Grand Hall, the Glasgow Choral Union singing the National Anthem, and the artillery on the neighbouring heights firing a salute of twenty-one guns. After their Royal Highnesses were seated, and prayers had been read by the Rev. Dr. Donald McLeod, Sir Archibald Campbell presented an address, to which the Prince made his reply. The Lord Provost presented an album of paintings by members of the Glasgow Art Club to the Princess. When the inaugural ode had been sung, the Prince declared the Exhibition open, amid much enthusiasm. The choir gave the "Hallelujah Chorus." The Royal party entered the Picture Galleries and Women's Industries Section, where the Princess was presented with a handsome piece of sewed work by Lady Campbell. After the Royal party had partaken of tea in the reception-room, the Prince visited the Indian Court, and then, with the Princess, re-entered the carriage and drove to the Central Station, returning to the house of Lord Hamilton. Their Royal Highnesses had been greeted with an enthusiastic reception in the streets of Glasgow.

Visitors to Glasgow this summer will have an opportunity, by the liberal arrangements of the Glasgow and Inverary Steam-boat Company, to enjoy delightful trips down the Firth of Clyde, to Dunoon, Rothsay, and the Kyles of Bute; or up Loch Long to Lochgoil; or up Loch Fyne to Inverary, with coaches for Loch Lomond. The company's magnificent new steam-boat, the Lord of the Isles, conveyed above a hundred invited guests, journalists and their friends, on May 9, to the Kyles of Bute and to Lochgoilhead on a special pleasure trip, in connection with the opening of the Exhibition.

FOREST WORK IN THE HIMALAYAS.

The British Indian Government, in its supervision of the development of the economic resources of that great dominion, makes some provision for maintaining and utilising the valuable forests, as well on the hill ranges below the Himalayas, as on the Neilgherries of the Deccan and in other elevated tracts of country. A great part of the Himalayan slopes, from Cashmere to Assam, rising to heights of 8000 ft. or 10,000 ft., is covered with fine trees of native oak, cedar, pine, spruce, and silver fir, besides the teak of the eastern region; and the product of timber is an important contribution to the resources of India, besides supplying the want of that material in the plains. The Assam and Cooch Behar divisions of Bengal, the Cachar district, and the highlands of Chittagong, yield much valuable wood. Large numbers of the hillmen are employed as coolies, under English direction, in cutting down trees and sending the logs on slides to the nearest river, on which they are made into rafts and floated to the Brahmapootra for exportation. Our Illustrations represent some operations of this kind of industry in the territory of Chamba, a small native State 150 miles north of Lahore, watered by the Ravi and Chenab rivers. Mr. McDonnell, of the Forest Department, has devised and constructed the Bakani Slide, which is 12,539 ft. long, with a vertical fall of 1650 ft., formed by a series of descending terraced platforms laid with logs, and covered with mud or brushwood, the average incline being one in seven and a half. It passes over a wooden bridge across the Bakani Nullah. Logs of 6 ft. diameter are sent down by this slide.

A bazaar and a Hungarian concert in aid of the building of the Queen Victoria Orphanage, Kilburn, were held on Tuesday, May 15, and the two following days at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. Princess Mary Adelaide opened the bazaar.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief, five brigade field-days of metropolitan Volunteer corps were held on May 12, the total number of troops ordered out being about 10,000. One brigade was formed in Hyde Park, one in Bushey Park, one at Hounslow, and two brigades at Wimbledon.

Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), accompanied by the Duchess of Athole and party, will honour the Highland games at Stamford-bridge on Whit Monday with her presence and distribute the prizes. The Princess will open the Bazaar at the Royal Military Asylum (Duke of York's School) on the afternoon of May 24. The Duke of Cambridge will also be present.

The neighbourhood of St. Giles, so well known for its want and squalor, is teeming with little ones, many of whom are sadly neglected. The members of the St. Giles's Christian Mission are arranging, as in years past, to take 1500 of their school-children, gathered from the district, for their day in the country, and bespeak generous help towards defraying the heavy expenditure for so large a party. Donations may be sent to the treasurer, Mr. F. A. Bevan, 54, Lombard-street, E.C.; or to Mr. Geo. Hatton, superintendent of the mission, at 4, Ampton-street, Regent-square, W.C.

We recently mentioned that prizes to the amount of £35 are for this (the fourth) year offered for essays written by women on set pieces from Lord Byron's works. This, the centenary year of Lord Byron's birth, has been chosen by Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshaw as a fitting time to endow her prizes, and April 19, being the anniversary of the poet's death, was the day selected for signing the trust-deed, making over the sum of £2500 into the hands of trustees to form the Byron-Shelley-Keats in memoriam yearly prize fund. The trustees are Mr. William Rossetti, 5, Endsleigh-gardens, President of the Shelley Society; Mr. Charles Hancock, 125, Queen's-gate; and Mr. Arthur Spokes, 5, Pump-court, barrister-at-law. All information can be obtained from Mrs. Rose Mary Crawshaw, Cathedene Bwlch, Breconshire.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The last of the great "Private Views," that of the New Gallery, was unanimously voted the most interesting by those who had been to all. The building itself is very attractive. That it should have been erected, as Mr. Robson, the architect, informed me that it had, in the brief space of nine weeks, appears almost magical. It is more like a tale of the "Arabian Nights" than a sober reality that this solid and complete building, so fully, yet soberly, ornamented, and so without taint of haste or even of newness, has risen from the bare earth in that brief space of time. Two hundred men have been working night and day on it, but have left no trace of themselves other than their fully-completed labours. A spacious square chamber, serving at once as entrance-hall and sculpture-gallery, is supported by marble columns, is brightened by a gold railing running round a balcony, and is lit from the roof through windows of stained-glass of the most exquisite delicacy of colour and softness of effect. In the centre of the mosaic floor is sunk a marble basin, with a fountain, sending up a cooling spray in its midst. The galleries open out of this hall. They are two large and well-proportioned chambers. The walls are covered with one of Collinson and Lock's most successful efforts in artistic wall-papers—a Venetian red with a purply shade in it that forms a capital background to the gold-framed pictures. These are not too thickly hung, and are placed with such care and artistic skill and thought as to show each one to the best advantage.

The private view was crowded all day, and smart dresses were numerous. Nobody looked better than the young wife of a famous Judge, her Ladyship's dress being a skirt of dark green velvet, sparingly showing at the front and sides beneath a pale eau-de-Nil faille Française polonaise. A triangular vest of white silk passed from neck to bust, and was bordered by full pleats of the eau-de-Nil silk from each shoulder. A narrow flat passementerie of pale green and silver cord, edged the openings of the polonaise, passed from under the arm to the front on the hips, and fell as a girdle nearly to the hem. A well-known lady of courtesy title had on a showy foulard, in striking contrast to the black gown which she wore at the Academy. It was in blue and white stripes, with a red floral design on the white stripe; this dress was made up quite plainly, and untrimmed, but a showy hat went with it, of blue and red straw, trimmed with shot ribbon and variegated feathers. A young girl looked charming in a dark heliotrope foulard, with a hat of basket-work in wide meshes lined throughout with heliotrope, the broad brim casting a shadow over the countenance that was very becoming; but shades of heliotrope differ very much, and I should not advise anyone of my readers to try a copy of this costume without first experimentally discovering a shade that suits her individual complexion. There was an illustration of the necessity for this to be seen in a dark and fallow lady whose bright heliotrope bonnet-strings, and only slightly darker silk gown, relieved by a trifling admixture of white, were not becoming.

A black lace bonnet with a cluster of real orchids for its only trimming, looked well; the peculiar distinction which those wonderful flowers possess, so that a single orchid can make itself seen in the midst of a large bouquet, does not fail to draw attention when the blossoms are worn in the bonnet; but a white lace foundation would be a more suitable setting for the floral jewel. A pretty dress was of tan and white striped material, with a white vest braided with silver, and a panel of the same in the skirt. A silver-grey faille Française, trimmed with graduated straps of velvet let in (not laid on) from neck to bust, so as to form a sort of pointed collar, was original. But the newest and best gowns were all in the Directoire style. This appears to be confused by some writers with the Empire fashion of short waists and limp and clinging skirts, which really followed the Directoire by some ten years—a period of time which, be it noted, in our fashions divides "eelskins" or "pullbacks" from enormous "improvers." The difference between "Directoire" and "Empire" styles is to the full as great as that between the tightness of our skirts in 1878 and the artificial amplitude of them in 1888. The Empire style is being copied for evening wear; but for the day it is the Directoire, modified to be not too aggressively different from ordinary fashions, that is coming in, and that looks most stylish. Its essential features are a coat, separate from a vest, and having wide pointed revers beneath the collar, edges below the revers, loose from the vest, but fitting into the figure, and ornamented at each side with only two or three large and really handsome buttons. Either the basque or the side of the skirt, as the case may be, must be flat on the hips, and pockets may be placed in that position, with buttons on the flaps; but this is optional; so is a full, rather broad belt, passing, loosely folded, across the vest from under one edge of the coat at the waist to the other, which is often made with Directoire coats. An excellent gown in this style, at the New Gallery, was in black striped silk, with white vest, and trimmings round the bottom of the skirt, the edges of the revers and the collar of silver chain-like passementerie. Another was in black and white stripes; and yet another in heliotrope and green stripes, with plain heliotrope vest.

London will be rather overdone with exhibitions this year. I went to the opening ceremony of the Italian Exhibition, which promises to be the most attractive of all, dealing, as it does, with one of the great kingdoms of the Continent. The grounds will be a principal part of the attraction, for they are fitted up, after the manner of "Old London," with cardboard illusions representing to the life solid masonry. These show Italian scenes, such as a market-place, with a church and other buildings around, and stalls with Italian fruits, flowers, and other wares on sale; a famous bridge; a reproduction of the Forum; and even a range of Alps with snow-covered summits, between which the switchback railway runs. There are many things of interest to ladies in the Exhibition itself.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will be thanked by all her fellow-novelists for the decision which she has obtained from Mr. Justice Stirling; that the reproduction of even a few written copies of a play founded on a novel, and containing situations and language used in the novel, is an infringement of the copyright. Authors of fiction ought to have complete protection for their plots; and as writing successful novels is almost the only way open to a woman of making a really large fortune, it is particularly hard on lady-novelists that any portion of the possible gain should be lost to the inventor of a striking plot and interesting characters by the defect in the law which allows any person to dramatise a novel. Besides the pecuniary loss, indeed, an author often suffers from this legal wrong by seeing his title, his plot, and the names of his characters exploited, but his feelings injured by the adaptor's treatment of the whole. "Bootsie's Baby" is an instance. The public on the first night recognised that "John Strange Winter" was the real author, and would not be satisfied till the handsome and clever young lady who has chosen that name rose in her box, in her evening dress of black-and-white striped silk, and acknowledged the popular approval which was accorded to the play as a whole. Yet there is much in it which was not in the novel, and which it is hard for the author not to have legal power to erase or sanction.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.



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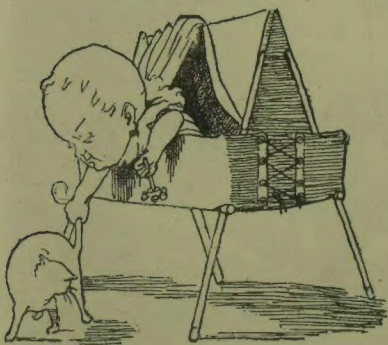
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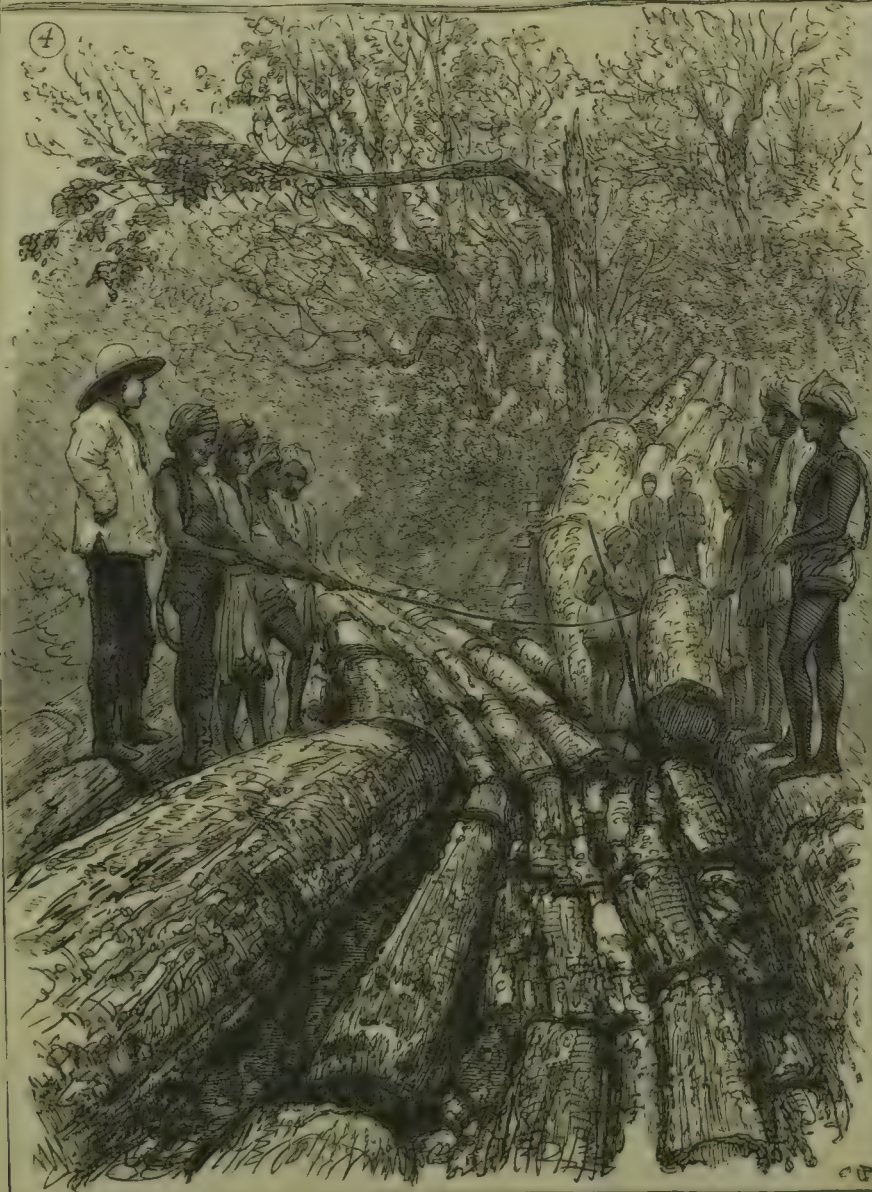
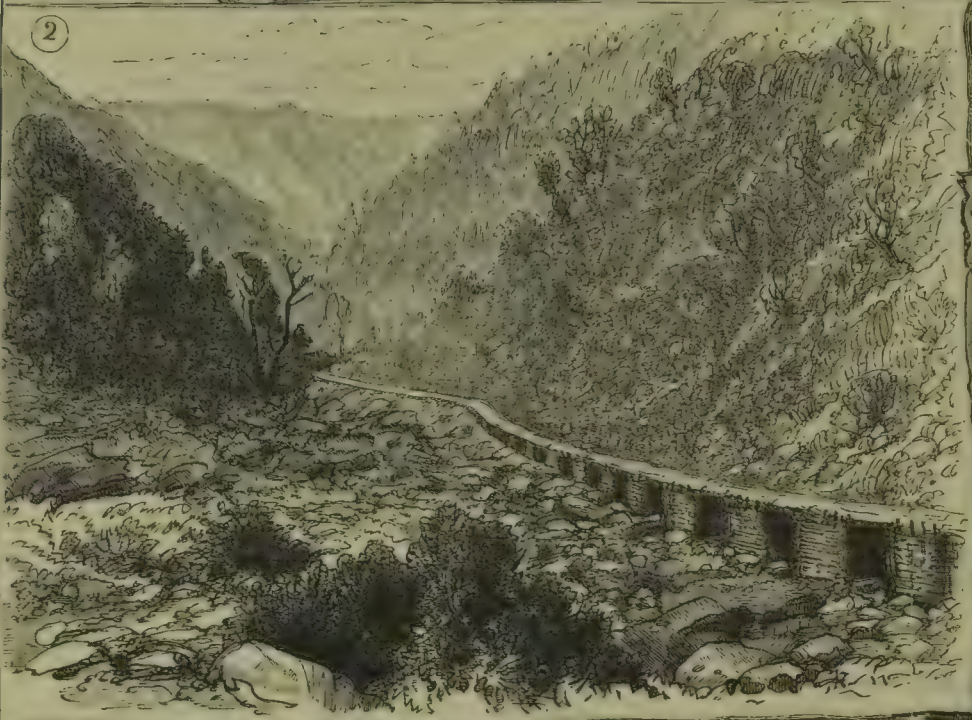
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1. Coolies about to let go a large log.

2. Mr. McDonnell's Slide.

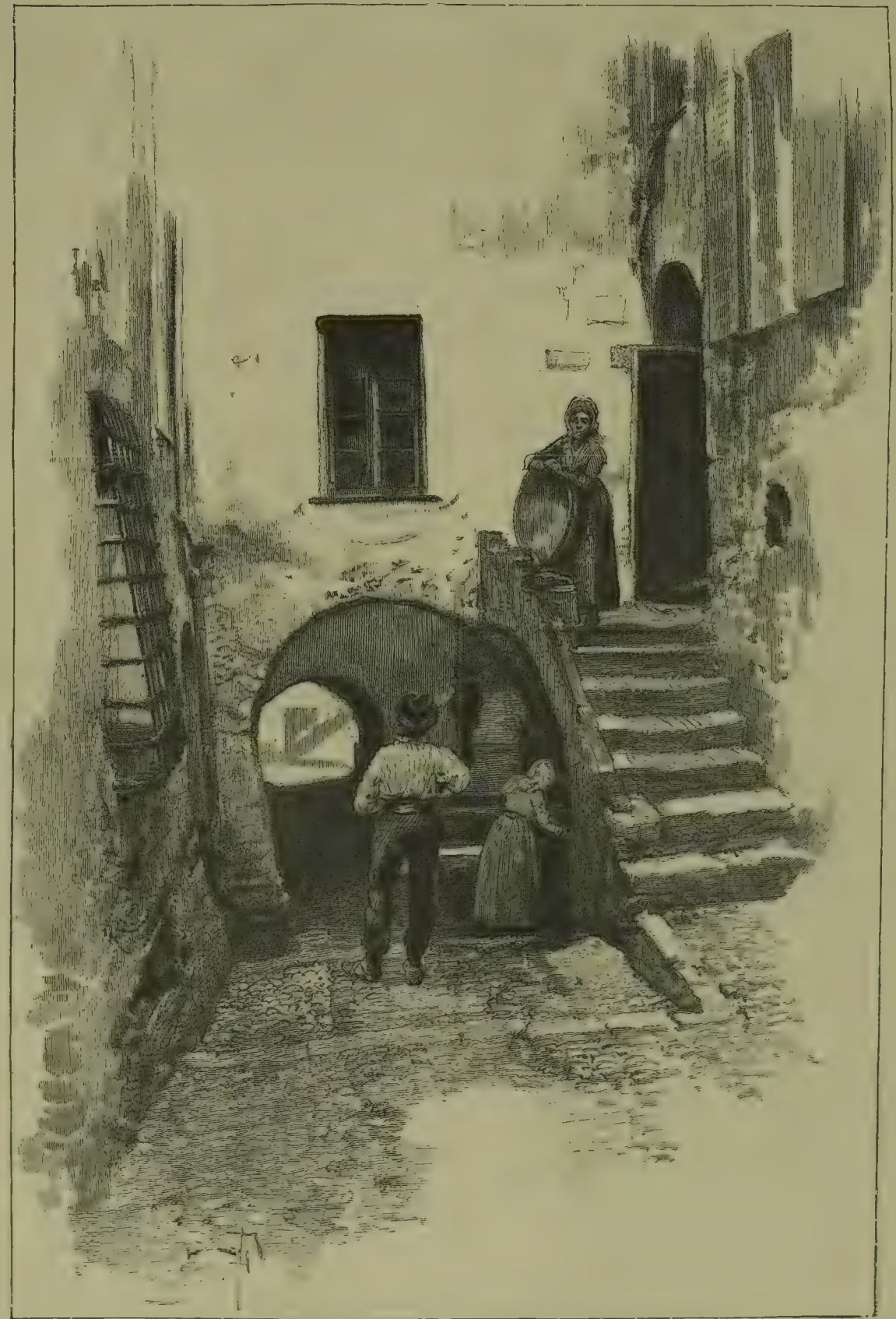
3. Another View of the Slide.

4. Logs coming down the Slide.

5. Bridge across the Bakani Nullah.



CATHEDRAL DOOR.



OLD HOUSES ON ARCHES.

S K E T C H E S A T S A N R E M O .



SUNSHINE

THE LITTLE GIRL IN THE GARDEN

SKETCHES AT SAN REMO.

The cathedral church in the old town of San Remo, a fine edifice of the twelfth century, is dedicated to San Siro; but there is a certain degree of mediæval obscurity about the local namesake saints. In 979, when the Saracens were expelled from the Ligurian coast by Count Guglielmo of Provence, the inhabitants of the ancient Roman colony of Matutia rebuilt their town, and called it San Romolo, perhaps considering that the founder of Rome would do very well for their canonised patron; but Romulus, it is well known, had a brother, Remus; and, for some reason or other, in the fifteenth century, this town belonging then to the Genoese Republic, its name was changed to San Remo. In the opinion, however, of one Italian antiquary, Signor Bonetti, this name of "Remo" has nothing to do with Remus, but is a corruption of "Eremo," the "Hermitage," in which some holy man was supposed to have lived. We know still less of San Siro, but the doorway of his church has been sketched by our Artist; and the interior is adorned with fresco paintings by Merano, and with a picture by Domenico Pola. The other old churches of the town are the Santuario of Madonna della Costa, on the summit of the hill, the Oratories of San Germano, of the Concetta, and of the Dolori, and several parish churches; there were two or three monasteries, but one has been converted into barracks, with a school and

gymnasium; another has become the telegraph office. The curious aspect of the steep and narrow streets, with houses built over the archways, has been noticed on a former occasion.

A lake for torpedo experiments, constructed at a cost of £100,000 on Horsea Island, Portsmouth, has been completed and taken over by the Vernon Torpedo School.

Mr. Justice Field has appointed Mr. James Read Clerk of Assize on the Western Circuit, in succession to the late Mr. Bovill. Mr. Read has held the office of deputy Clerk of Assize and Clerk of Indictments on the Western Circuit for some years.

The Earl of Rosebery, who was accompanied by the Countess, visited the People's Palace, Mile-End-road, on May 15, to open a swimming-bath which he has presented to the institution.

Messrs. W. Hatherell, F. Austen Brown, W. B. Wollen, Bernard Evans, Jules Lessore, Miss Alice Hobson, and Miss Alice Squire have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

DEATH.

On May 8, at 1, Portman-square, Caroline Harriet, Viscountess Gort, in her 65th year.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

SUNSHINE.

The scene depicted by Miss Alice Havers, in the painting of which a coloured lithograph is presented for our Extra Supplement, reflects the double sunshine of an early summer mingling with the late blossoms of spring, and of glad young hearts in the bright and happy season of life, when maidenhood has not yet outgrown the frolic playfulness of childhood. These two girls are therefore, in spite of a considerable difference of age and stature between them, still very congenial companions for each other, as the flowers of May and the first hues of fresh foliage consort well enough with the advancing glories of June, while the sun daily brings increasing warmth and splendour. All living creatures rejoice, but most of all the young, the innocent, the fair; and such are these sweet human comrades of an idle morning hour, who sport together on the grass amidst the manifold signs of Nature's kindness to all, manifest enough, at least, for some part of the year.

A special jury in Dublin on May 12 found that the poisoning of Captain Stead's horses at Clonville last year was malicious, and they awarded him £3000 compensation.

The sum of £1530 was realised from the Indian Palace Bazaar held at the Holloway Hall, N., to raise funds for building an out-patients' wing at the Great Northern Central Hospital.

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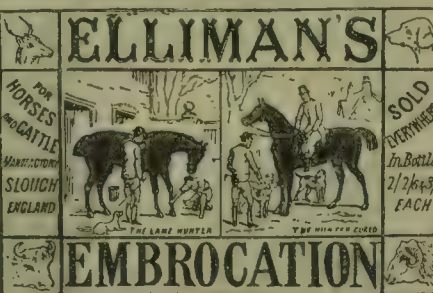
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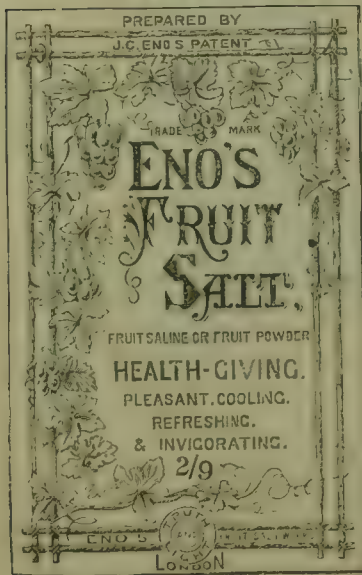
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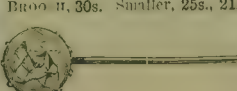
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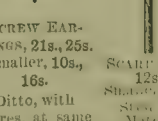
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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXI.

"And therewith east I down mine eyes again,
Whereat I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, now comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest yonge flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour:
For which sudden abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart."

Now, as our good friend the Harbour-Master was coming along to have a look at the Nameless Barge, it was not likely that the responsible people of the party were going to the ship's steward to get his opinion of her seaworthiness; but Queen Tita had a great faith in Murdoch; and Miss Peggy knew it; and on the first chance the young lady had—which was early the next morning—she set about beguiling and perverting the mind of that simple Highlander. Queen Tita was still in her cabin; Jack Duncombe and the Colonel had gone ashore for a stroll; so there remained but one person to watch this young woman's wiles.

"Murdoch," said she, in her innocent fashion, as she was putting some flowers on the breakfast-table (none of them, the candid observer is compelled to own, half so fresh and bright and pleasant to look at as herself); "Murdoch, you know we are going down to Bristol?"

Murdoch lingered at the door of the saloon.

"Yes, Mem."

"And that the river is very wide down there?"

"Yes, Mem."

"You don't suppose there is any really serious risk, do you?" she asked in an off-hand way (and pretending to be very busy with the flowers).

But at this Murdoch hesitated. Did the young lady wish to be encouraged to go by water, or persuaded to go by land? Then perhaps it may have occurred to him that he might as well tell the simple truth.

"Well, Mem," said he, "I do not know myself; but there wass two or three o' them last night they were saying to me it wass not for five hundred pounds they would go down to Bristol in this boat, if there wass any kind of a preeze from the sous or sou'-west."

Here was a most unexpected blow—even Peggy was a little bit startled.

"What was that?" she said.

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"Yes, Mem; that's what they were saying—not for five hundred pounds would they go down the ruvver in this boat."

"It's the landau for you, Miss Peggy," one says to her. But she is not to be easily turned from her purpose.

"Wait a bit. Murdoch, who were these men?"

"Oh! they were chist men from the docks," he answered.

"Yes; coalheavers and people like that, I suppose! What could they know about a boat like this?"

"Mebbe no mich," said the young Highlander, cautiously—for it was not clear to him as yet which way she wanted him to answer.

"Well," she said; "I wouldn't repeat a foolish speech like that, if I were you. Five hundred pounds!—a lot of babies talking nonsense! How can there be any danger? I don't see any possibility of it!"

And now here was his cue at last; and his answer was forthcoming readily.

"Dancher?" said he. "Oh, no, Mem; there will be no dancher at ahl!—no, no, there will be no dancher whatever!"

"You are quite convinced of that, Murdoch?" she said, dextrously pinning him to his expressed belief.

"Well, Mem," said he, "the Severn is only a ruvver; and she was on a ruvver before, and did ferry well; and she'll do ferry well again."

This sounded reasonable—though, to be sure, there are rivers and rivers. But Miss Peggy went on to tell him of the proposal that certain members of the party should go by land; and of her own decided opinion that we should all keep together; and in a way appealed to him to confirm her judgment.

"Why, it would be cowardly to leave the others, wouldn't it?" she continued. "And I know—at least I've heard, Murdoch—that you never had any great liking for this boat; but you have seen what she can do; and she has never got us into trouble hitherto. So long as she keeps afloat, what more can we want? Why, I believe she would float well enough if she were on the open sea!"

"At sea, Mem!" said Murdoch, rather aghast.

"Well, what would happen to her?" asked this bold student of nautical matters.

"Pless me, Mem!" he exclaimed, "if there wass any wind at ahl, she would roll about like a tib, and tek in watter, and then she would sunk—ay, in five minutes she would be down."

"Oh, she would roll about like a tub, and then sink?" observed Miss Peggy, thoughtfully. Then she said, in a lighter tone, "Well, Murdoch, it is no use talking about impossibilities. We are only going down to Bristol—down a river,

as you say—and it would be a great pity for any of us to leave the others, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, Mem, a great peety!" said he.

"And you know quite well there won't be any danger," she observed insidiously.

"Oh, I do not think there will be any dancher at ahl!" he repeated.

"And, Murdoch, I wouldn't say a word about that foolish speech you heard last night," she said, by way of closing the interview.

"Ferry well, Mem," Murdoch obediently answered; and went about his duties.

You should have seen her face when he was gone—it was so serene and serious and ingenuous: it was only her eyes that spoke.

"Well, of all!"—

"All what?" she asks, and there is hardly a smile in those tell-tale eyes.

"To go and bewilder a poor Highland lad!"—

"Don't you know this?" she says—interrupting in her usual unconcerned manner—"that women are weak, helpless, defenceless creatures; and that sometimes, when they have a particular aim in view, they have to use a little judicious skill?"

But it is always done in innocence. Men, when they deceive, do it for dreadful purposes—crimes and villainies; when women have to exercise a little tact, that is all done in pure innocence."

"Yes, a very simple, innocent young thing you are!"

"Don't you think I am?" she says calmly; and she stalks across the saloon and takes her banjo off the peg, and sits down and begins twanging at the strings.

Then this is what one hears—

When de good ole
Gabriel gwine to blow
de horn,
You'd better be dar
sure as you are born,
For he gwine to wake
you early in de morn,
He's a gwine to wake you
early in de mornin'.

Then, when she comes to the chorus, she sings alto—

Den rise, children, sing
around de door,
We'll gadder early on
de golden shore,
He's a comin' right now,
an' he'll come no more,
He's a gwine to meet us
early in de mornin'.

Then comes a brisker air—

It's early in de mornin', before we see the sun,
"Roll aboard dat cotton, and get back in a run!"

De Captain's in a hurry; I know what he means;
Wants to beat de Sherlock, down to New Orleans.

This, also, has a chorus, which she sings with much complacency (and all for her own enjoyment, apparently)—

Roll out, heave dat cotton,
Roll out, heave dat cotton,
Roll out, heave dat cotton,
Aint got long to stay!

"Now what on earth is all this frightful noise about?" demands Mrs. Threepenny-bit, suddenly appearing at the door of the saloon. "And at this time of the morning, too!"

"Well, it isn't Sunday morning," the young lady makes answer. "Besides, he has been saying very rude things about me; and I've taken refuge in music; but it's no use; and I'm sick and tired of everybody; and this is a hateful world; and I'm going to leave it!"

"Better not be in a hurry, Miss Peggy," one feels bound to say to her in friendly counsel; "you might change it for a worse."

"Well, now, that is a nice civil sort of speech to make to anybody—before breakfast—when one's nervous system isn't prepared for shocks," said she; but she was paying most attention to her banjo. Her fingers wandered into another air—

O my darling Nelly Gray, they are taking thee away,
And I'll never see my darling Nelly more—

she sang, in soft and tragic tones; and there is no saying how far she might have got with that interesting ballad, but that there was a sound without—the sound of Sir Ewen Cameron's voice in conversation with Jack Duncombe. Instantly she sprang to her feet, whipped the banjo into its case, and hung that up; Queen Tita laughed in her quiet way, but said nothing; and therewithal appeared at the door of the saloon the tall figure of the Highland Colonel, who had managed to get, somewhere or other, two large handfulls of lilac-blossom, both white and purple, that made a most welcome and fragrant addition to Miss Peggy's table-flowers.

Alas! we very soon discovered that it was not on this day, at all events, that we could make any attempt to get down the Severn. When we emerged from our snug retreat, and set out for the scattered hamlet of Sharpness, we found there was half-a-gale blowing briskly up from the W.S.W.; and that all the various craft in the basins were stayed there, wind-bound. It was a very beautiful morning, no doubt; silver and purple clouds came rolling up through a sapphire-blue sky; the view across the wide waters of the river was striking enough—the yellow waves white-tipped with foam and rushing along the various channels; and the sunlight—after the passing glooms—was extraordinarily vivid on the ruddy banks above the Severn shore and on the green hills beyond. But this brilliant, breezy, almost bewildering day was a landscape-artist's day; it was not a day for taking an unwieldy house-boat down an estuary.

The Harbour-Master at Sharpness was exceedingly kind to us; and was good enough to come along and inspect the Nameless Barge. In the end he gave it as his opinion that, if we could get a small steamer to tow her down, and had the luck of ordinary quiet weather, we ought to have no great

trouble or risk. Then the question arose as to where we should get a steam-launch. Such things don't seem to abound in the West of England, those we could gain any tidings of were all engaged. When we had telegraphed here, there, and everywhere—and in vain—it began to dawn upon us that the mere possibility of danger in getting down the Severn was not the only difficulty we had to face. Supposing we should not be allowed to make the attempt? As this blowy, sunlit morning wore on, hour after hour, matters became more and more serious. It is true, we had plenty to occupy us in the intervals of waiting for answers to our telegrams; for docks and harbours are always interesting; and you may suppose that Miss Peggy was highly pleased to come across a vessel—a full-rigged ship it was—hailing from San Francisco; and that she stood opposite it a very long time indeed, examining it with a kind of loving minuteness, and guessing that the one or two people on deck were countrymen of her own.

Luncheon-time arrived, and we are still in this unpleasant quandary.

"It will be horribly ignominious to be turned back, after we have got so far," Queen Tita says, in sorrowing tones. "And then where could we make for? I remember some very pretty districts farther north—we see them from the London and North-Western Line every time we go to Scotland—and these have a canal winding through them; but then, to get to them, I suppose we should have to face those horrible tunnels again."

"You may put that idea out of your small head," one informs her. "We are not going back at all; we are going forward. Even if this blessed boat has to be put on a waggon, and taken down by road, it's Bristol she has got to get to—somehow."

"And that would be practicable enough," says Jack Duncombe. "You could get a lorry, and have her fixed on that."

"And we could live on board all the same?" asks Miss Peggy.

"Yes, and be taken for a company of maniacs!" her hostess says scornfully; and then she continues: "How was it no one foresaw this difficulty?"

"Well, considering that the whole expedition was an experiment, how was any part of it to be foreseen?"

"And what are our chances now?" she demands.

"Our chances now are reduced to one.

There is in this flourishing community a general dealer, who owns a share in a steam-launch—I believe that is how the matter stands—which steam-launch is now at Bristol. Very well: he thinks she is hired till the end of next week, and in that case she is of no use to us; but he has telegraphed to inquire, and we shall have the answer in due course. If that last chance fails, then there is nothing for it but to lift this boat out of the water, and give her a cruise on wheels."

"Then you'll take the high road and I'll take the low road; but I'll be in Bristol before ye," she observes, in a flippant manner. One could almost imagine that she is secretly rejoicing over the probability of her escape from that water-journey.

"In the meantime," one says to her, "we are going along to have a look at the Severn Railway Bridge, and to inspect the machinery of the swing-bridge over the ship-canal. And as we shall have to climb to the top of the tower by an outside ladder of iron, overhanging the river, I suppose you giddy young things won't care to come with us. A person who shut her eyes all the time she was going up the Right railway!"

"That's what I did when I was lowered to the whirlpool below Niagara Falls," Miss Peggy confessed artlessly.

"Then I take it you won't be for climbing up this outside ladder—even if we put a rope round your waist and give you a friendly haul?"

Queen Tita answered that she was not going to turn acrobat at her time of life; and Miss Peggy pleaded that she had some correspondence to attend to—a sufficient excuse; so the rest of us left these two to their own devices, and set out for the great railway-bridge that here spans the Severn from shore to shore.

Well, it was a way of passing the time while these fateful inquiries were being made for us at Bristol; and Jack Duncombe, who knew a little about machinery (as about everything else in this mortal world), had undertaken to be our instructor and guide. And even the most ignorant person could not but view with interest the swinging portion of the bridge—a structure weighing of itself about four hundred tons—that revolves on a massive pivot of stonework. Open, it permits of vessels of any size passing along the Gloucester and Berkeley Ship Canal; shut, it connects itself with the railway crossing the main bridge over the wide river, the junction being so perfect as to be almost imperceptible. Why is it, in looking at the elaborate precautions and safeguards necessary to a construction of this sort, that the mind will morbidly dwell on the possibility of their breaking down? One could not but think of some dark night—a mistake in the signalling—the swing-bridge left open—the long train coming thundering along—and then a confused hurrying crash into a black chasm. The iron horse is still a monster in the imagination of many; it has not yet become wholly familiar, it is a devourer of human life more fierce than any dragon.

Then we climbed up an outside iron ladder to the signalling-house at the top of the tower (a performance not to be recommended to nervous persons) and gained a small projecting balcony, and were admitted. Instruction was the order of the day. Did we not understand that no accident was possible—seeing that a certain indicator severed the telegraphic communication, so that the persons in charge could not signal a train to come along unless the bridge was closed and locked? Well, machinery is a mystery to most folk; but here, anyway, was a spacious and picturesque view of the wide Severn valley—the rippling channels and yellow sand-beds, the ruddy banks crowned with foliage, the far green hills stretching back into Monmouthshire. And away in the south were wider waters, whither we were bound. From this peak in Darien these shifting shallows seemed safe enough; might not one—as Miss Peggy had suggested—make the venture of gliding down with the tide, and scrambling along somehow, in the



The general dealer who owns a share in a steam-launch.

event of no other aid being offered us? At all events, we were not going to turn back.

Suddenly Colonel Cameron, who had wandered out on to the small platform overlooking this great height, uttered a brief exclamation.

"I say," he called out to us, "isn't that Miss Rosslyn?"

And sure enough it was Miss Rosslyn—away down there—and all by herself—idly strolling along the banks of the canal. Who could mistake the proud and yet leisurely carriage—to say nothing of the glimmer of her golden-brown hair? Nay, of a surety it was Miss Rosslyn; for she looked up as she passed, and waved her hand by way of recognition, and then went on again.

"Look here," he continued quickly, "you get the engineers to open the bridge. I will go down and overtake her, and ask her to wait; it will interest her to see this great thing moving."

"What?" one says to him. "Open the Severn railway-bridge to please that brat of an American? Supposing a train were to come along?"

"Why, you don't understand what they've just been telling you!" he exclaimed. "A train *can't* come along. When the bridge opens the telegraphic communication ceases. Besides there's no train due. You get them to do it; I'm off."

So he departed; and after a while one could see him striding rapidly along the banks of the canal, where he soon overtook Miss Rosslyn. Nor did he seem to have much difficulty in persuading her; she turned at once; in a short time these two were right down below us, and looking up.

And certainly it was a curious thing to see this long section of a railway separate itself from the rest of the line, and begin slowly to revolve on its pivot of masonry, until at length, when it became motionless, it was at right angles with the main bridge, and parallel with the canal. Then again it began to move and slowly swung back into its former place, the great iron wedges lifting it on to the stone piers and making the junction complete. It was a pretty toy to put in motion for the amusement of an American Miss; and we hoped she was properly grateful.

But when we descended from these aerial heights, we found that it was not the opening of the Severn railway-bridge that Miss Peggy had in her mind; she was the bearer of a message.

"I thought I'd come along and tell you," she said, "Murdoch was over at the general dealer's shop; and they said they had got an answer to their telegram. They can't let you have the steam-launch; it's hired till the end of next week."

"You seem to consider that rather an amusing piece of news!"

"Yes," said she, simply; "for now we'll have to do something desperate."

"Perhaps you would kindly tell us what?"

But here Sir Ewen Cameron interferes.

"Well," he says, "I wouldn't be beaten—I would take that boat down by water somehow. Sending her by road would be ignominious. Why, I'd rather get a gang of men and haul her along as we used to haul the boats on the Upper Nile. I see by the map there is a sea-wall or a sea-bank nearly all the way down to Bristol. Or why don't you try to row her?—you could put a rowlock on each gunwale astern, and one on each gunwale forward!"

"We should have a high old rowlocking time of it," says Duncombe, with insolent irrelevance.

"Or why don't you get a raft made, and float it down, as we do on our rivers?" puts in the American person. "Then the boat couldn't get hurt."

"Or why don't you put her on the deck of an outward-bound ship," suggests our fictitious young man, "and drop her overboard when you get near the mouth of the Avon?"

"Oh, yes; you've plenty of mighty fine contrivances this afternoon," one says to the ribald crew. "Don't you think we'd better get a couple of balloons, stem and stern, and take her down by air?"

"As you are a Scotchman, you should say Doon by Ayr," Mr. Duncombe is good enough to observe: was there ever such a clever, merry, vivacious dog? But a rope's end would have made that dog skip.

"Well, come away, Miss Peggy," one says to the young lady—who does *not* seem as disappointed as one could have wished. "We'll go back to the boat and get to know what Columbus thinks of this predicament. When the heavy troubles of life fall on you it isn't clowns and pantaloons you want to consult."

"I foresee," she placidly remarks, as we set out together, "that something wild is going to happen now. You can't send the boat down by road, as Colonel Cameron says it would be too ignominious. So she must go by water; and there's no visible means; therefore something frantic and awful is about to happen. But mind, we are all to keep together."

"Certainly."

"There's to be no landau."

"Perish the landau!"

"Well," she says, with great equanimity, "this is what I like: this is going to be charming." And that, at least, was so far satisfactory. It argued a cheerful frame of mind that she should look forward so confidently to the absolutely unknown.

And yet she proved to be a bit of a prophetess; for it turned out that we were to make a wild attempt to get down by water, after all; and there was to be no division of the party. Hardly had we got back to the Nameless Barge when our excellent friend the Harbour-Master appeared, to whom we disclosed our grievous straits; and then he informed us he had heard of a pilot-boat that was to leave early next morning for Lundy Island. Seeing that a steam-launch of any kind was not procurable, why not induce these pilots, for a consideration, to tow us down? Had we an anchor and chain?—yes, we had. Then, at some convenient point off the mouth of the Avon, the pilots would cast us loose; we could anchor there, and take our chance of some rowing-boat or sailing-boat coming out to guide us into the river and up to Bristol. It must be confessed that there was an element of vagueness about the proposition; but by this time we were grown desperate. Besides, was not Miss Peggy rather looking forward to something strange, uncertain, and even fearful? So, upon consideration, the pilots were to be found; and the Harbour-Master was then good enough to say that, if the ladies were inclined for a bit of a country walk on this pleasant afternoon, he would himself show us the way to the little village—a few miles inland—where we should most probably find one or other of them. So we accepted this good-natured offer, and all of us set forth.

What the name of that village was is now immaterial; but at all events the road thither took us through a most charming stretch of landscape—all glowing in the golden light of the afternoon. Very English-looking this bit of country was: the small, irregular fields; the luxuriant hedges and wide ditches; the short, sturdy, wide-spreading oaks; the lush grass in the meadows; and then here or there a small straggling hamlet, the picturesque cottages half-hidden among laburnum and lilac trees, now hanging in blossom of yellow, and purple, and white. Nor was there much of the monotony of a highway; our guide seemed well acquainted with the short cuts; and we skirted woods, or got over stiles, or followed smooth-worn pathways in blind obedience to his lead—glad of the sweet air and the golden light and the quiet country sounds. At first the party had moved forward in an amorphous and changeable fashion; but gradually we had dropped into two and two; Jack Duncombe and our amiable guide leading the way; and Colonel Cameron—with much coolness—taking possession of Peggy. Queen Tita was regarding these two—who were somewhat ahead—when she said, rather wistfully—

"I can imagine Peggy looking very well on the platform at a Highland gathering. Just think of it—her tall figure—I think she would hold her own in appearance—I can fancy her giving away the prizes—Peggy would look very well, wouldn't she?"

"And that is what things are making for, is it?" one asks;



Silver and purple clouds came rolling up.

for clearly, in this mental picture of hers, the person who is giving away the prizes is Lady Cameron of Inverfask House. "I don't know," she says, almost sadly. "It seems so. I am sure I am innocent in the matter—innocent of any intention, at least. But I know what they will say of us over there!"

"Has it ever occurred to your small mind that it may not much matter what they say of us over there, or over here, or over anywhere else?"

"How will they understand," she continues absently, "that their daughter may be Lady Cameron of Inverfask and yet have to be economical in her housekeeping? And I suppose it is only dollars they care for—that is the aim and end of life—I mean among the set that her people belong to. Oh, I don't quarrel with them for wishing her to marry well; but it's little they know what she is if they think that luxury or position or display is at all a necessity for her. Peggy is a little finer than that. Well, there's one thing they will not be able to say—I mean, if this thing should happen—and that is, that he married her for money."

"Why, you talk about them as if they were a pair of indigent paupers! If Cameron has to economise, it is chiefly with a view to getting the debt cleared off his estate—a most proper pride; and you may depend on it that Peggy would understand the situation clearly enough. And do you think she is likely to pay much heed to what anyone may expect of her? She seems capable of judging for herself—at least, what is quite certain is that she will judge for herself. You'd much better take it the other way, and consider that she will not be so very badly off, after all. If she won't have a house in Mayfair, and be able to give a series of balls all through the London season, at least she'll have her own piper to march up and down outside the dining-room window at Inverfask, playing 'Lochiel's Away to France' or 'The 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar.' If she won't be overburdened with diamonds, she'll have plenty of poor folk on her hands who will look up to her as a kind of goddess. Dollars? No, she won't have millions of dollars, but she'll have one of the gentle Camerons for her husband; and she will belong to a great historical family; and she will be the mistress of an old historical house; and her position altogether will be one not wholly to be despised. If marriage is to be a bargain, she won't get so much the worst of it. What does she bring?—a pretty face and a great deal of impertinence!"

"Oh, don't say that about my Peggy!" she says pitiously (though she says it often enough herself). "Just look at her now—did you ever see anything more lovely than her hair, where it catches the warm light? And the way she walks—it isn't grace so much, as life, and ease, and perfect health that it suggests—she never seems to be conscious of a single movement—she is all eagerness, and interest, and delight—I think I feel a little happier every time I look at her."

"So she is to make her first appearance on any platform in order to give away prizes at a Highland gathering—is that it? Well, yes; I daresay her appearance won't be against her. And she is a sharp young woman—I should imagine she wouldn't be long in finding out how to make herself popular among these people in the north. I shouldn't wonder, when Hector Maclean, and Donald Roy, and Alister MacAlister, and all the rest of them, came forward for their prizes, I should not wonder if her ledship had a word or two of Gaelic for them, to send them away proud and pleased. She has made a poor helpless object of Murdoch; and Captain Columbus is just daft to do her any small service."

"But, supposing they don't go to Inverfask," she says. "And supposing he were ordered out to India, or China, or some such place?"

"Then Peggy would become a grass-widow; and you could ask her to come and live with us: that would be very nice."

"Yes—for you," she says.

"But not for you?"

"Oh, well, I can bear with Peggy," she has to confess, "so long as there are no men about to bother her. But I do hope all this is a false alarm. I can hardly believe it possible—of Peggy, of all people in the world! And there is Mr. Duncombe; he seems quite to accede; he doesn't try to win any of her attention!"

"What? He makes bad jokes by the dozen, and tells stories of theatres, and curses critics, and tunes her banjo—what more can you want?"

"But she pays no heed to him!" this small creature protests. "If I were a young man, I should not like to be snuffed out like that. She used to be glad enough to have him to go on with. But now—oh, dear, no!—she would rather hear about the ball at the Inverness Meeting—and the number of salmon Lord Lovat took out of the Beaulieu in a single week—and all that kind of thing!"

This conversation came abruptly to an end; for we were now arrived at the little hamlet, whatever its name was; and as our guide stopped at a certain cottage the ranks of this straggling party closed up. Soon we were in negotiation with a tall, modest-mannered, slim young man whom we understood to be part owner of the pilot-boat; terms were easily arranged; and we undertook to be ready to start between three and four on the following morning, so as to catch the turn of the tide. Thereafter there was another leisurely walk homeward—for we had come to consider the boat a kind of home by this time—through the still golden evening; but it was not Sir Ewen Cameron who was Miss Peggy's companion on the return journey; it was his hostess with whom he now walked; what their talk was about one could not say.

Poor little Mrs. Threepenny-bit!—it seemed to her some kind of consolation to her in her distress that, if her fears proved to be true, Peggy would look rather well in her new position. That night (there was no sitting up late, in view of our early start on the morrow) if the small imaginative person dreamed dreams, it is as likely as not that they were all about a great crowd of spectators assembled in some wide meadow in the far northern Highlands; in the open space kilted competitors putting the stone, tossing the caber, playing the pipes, and what not; subsequently, the various winners coming forward to the platform, cap in hand, to receive their prize from a tall young lady, somewhat benign of aspect, and with honestly smiling eyes, who possibly may have a friendly word for each of them. And this tall young lady (perhaps, just by way of loyalty to her clan, wearing a bit of ribbon of the Cameron tartan round her throat) is—as any of those people around would tell you—no other than her ledship of Inverfask.

(To be continued.)

The Rev. William Rogers, Rector of Bishopsgate, has been elected president of the Sunday Society, and will give his inaugural address on June 23, at the Freemasons' Hall.

Some time since an anonymous donor contributed over £15,000 to the fund for the parish church of Portsea, now in course of erection. He now offers a further sum of £5000 (including £3000 allotted specially for a stained-glass east window, reredos, and chancel screens) on condition that a similar sum be raised by ordinary subscriptions or by special gifts. The church is to cost over £40,000.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIRD NOTICE.

The sixth gallery, which we have now reached, is rich in portraits, conspicuous amongst which is that of Mr. Gladstone (499), by Mr. Frank Holl. It represents the great Statesman, not far from fourscore, as erect and stalwart as many would wish to be at fifty years of age. He is firmly grasping a red-covered book (not "Robert Elsmere") which rests upon nothing, and consequently somewhat destroys the restfulness of the pose. It is a fine picture in many respects; but Mr. Holl's love of dark-brown shadows and his free use of umber falsifies the extraordinary whiteness of Mr. Gladstone's complexion. The portrait, moreover, scarcely does justice to the massiveness of the upper part of Mr. Gladstone's head, although in the face itself there is, perhaps, more spirit, though less character, than in Sir John Millais's rendering of the same Statesman. Mr. Holl's other portrait, Mr. Baron Huddleston (506), is an admirable facial resemblance, but in other respects scarcely more than another proof of the artist's technical powers. M. Carolus-Duran's Comtesse di Rigo (494) is a brilliant piece of brushwork, and a remarkable study of various tones of red. In other and less experienced hands, such a mass of colour would be staring and harsh to the last degree; but M. Carolus-Duran, without an effort, apparently, throws light and shade into every fold. It finds, moreover, a clever pendant in Mr. Solomon's portrait of Mrs. Henry Lumley (523), although it is hardly fair to compare a seated with an erect figure. In spite of this, Mr. Solomon has succeeded in throwing into his sitter an amount of energy which gives life to the figure, without doing violence to the necessary conditions of repose. In the treatment of the red velvet dress, too, Mr. Solomon shows how much—perhaps unwittingly—he owes to the modern masters of French portraiture. There are two other clever portraits in this room by Mr. Clegg Wilkinson, Miss Julia Boynton (538) and Mrs. Charles Windeler (552), of which the latter—a figure seated against a light background—is the most noteworthy. It is painted somewhat à la Miss Grant, but with a distinct note of individuality. Mr. James Archer's portrait of Lady Holker (508), leaning in a somewhat lackadaisical way against a marble pillar, must have been painted a dozen years ago, if it was ever a likeness. If this be so, it can scarcely bear any reference to the artist's present capabilities. On the other hand, Mrs. Hutton (481)—an old lady in spectacles—is an admirable bit of work by Mr. W. R. Symonds, who shows that age can be dignified and even graceful.

Of the large subject pictures in this room, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Lady of Shalott" (500) and Mr. Herbert Schmalz's "Faithful unto Death" (542)—a scene of the arena in the days of the lions and Christians—we can give but little praise. The figure of the lady under the woods of Camelot is scarcely conceived in a poetic vein; whilst the expectant martyrs of the circus do not stir our sympathies. It is with satisfaction that one turns to Mr. Albert Starling's "Saved from the Sea" (493)—a half-drowned boy taken down into the hold of a fishing-boat, and the object of tenderest solicitude from the rough and weather-beaten sailors. For skilful treatment and drawing, as well as for wholesome sentiment, there are few pictures in the exhibition which deserve a higher place. Mr. Mount Loudan's "Fish Sale, Polperro" (537) is also a clever specimen of the New Quay School, broadly painted with fine effects of reflected light, but with almost too great prominence given to the dead fish above the living fisherfolk. Mr. Logsdail's "St. Martin's in the Fields" (548) is something more than dextrous painting, seizing as it does, with a keen perception, the tone of our London atmosphere (at its best, perhaps), and showing how truly a beautifying influence it exercises over street life and street architecture. For mere technical painting we are bound to place this work of Mr. Logsdail, and the "Saluting the Cardinal" (213), already referred to, amongst the cleverest in the exhibition. The remaining works to be noticed in this room are Mr. Alfred East's "Frosty Sunset" (492), Mr. C. E. Johnson's "Sir Galahad" (479), Mr. Dendy Sadler's "In the Camp of the Amalekites" (507), a Roundhead in the presence of roystering Cavaliers; Mr. John Carlaw's "Country Life" (520), and Mr. Clayton Adams's "Rough Road" (568), a bright and exhilarating spot in spite of the roughness of the track.

In the seventh gallery Mr. Herkomer has two more portraits, Lord Herschell (643) and the Archbishop of Canterbury (649), the latter of which seems to miss all the finer qualities of Dr. Benson's face. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's first appearance as a portrait-painter, in that of Mr. Edward Bolitho (642), leads us to fear that he may be tempted to give up painting Cornish fisherfolk for Cornish notabilities. Amongst the ladies in this room Miss Evans (596), by Mr. Charles G. Anderson, is the most delicate and refined work, with plenty of animation. There is greater variety, however, among the landscapes, and of these the Thames furnishes some of the best subjects. Mr. Leader's "Summer's Day" (638) is far less hard and metallic than much of his work of late has been; but he cannot altogether divest himself of his favourite *cuisine* in the composition of his pictures, and in poetry his work falls below Mr. Frank Walton's "Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly" (631). A still more characteristic incident of summertime is Mr. Frank Dickey's "Water Party" (608), a boat-load of gay people landing under the cool shade of overhanging trees. The contrast with the bright glare of sunshine which falls upon the distance is remarkably well managed, and Mr. Dickey preserves the faculty, so rare amongst artists, young or old, of painting ladies and well-bred men without obtruding upon us either their clothes or their mannerisms. Another good work in the same line is Mr. Charles Wyllie's "All on a Summer's Day" (660), although the colour is somewhat forced; and a still better is Mr. Starling's "Dipped in Sunshine" (618). Mr. Seymour Lucas is one of the few artists who still endeavours to keep alive historical painting, and all honour is therefore due to him for the "King's Visit to Wren" (648), to hear from the great architect his designs for rebuilding St. Paul's. The anxious disappointment of Wren, as well as the half-artificial interest of the King and the supercilious attitude of the courtiers, are carefully worked out. In our number of last week we reproduced the motive of this clever picture. Imagination has freer play, however, in Mr. Fred Hall's two illustrations of "Tennyson's Goose with the Golden Egg" (619 and 624), where the perplexed old woman and clattering geese are depicted with no less humour than skill. Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Les Misérables" (630), a cab rank, with its occupants exposed to the wind and rain, is somewhat more pathetic in idea, and almost as clever in painting. More brilliant in colour and animated in intention are Mr. Melton Fisher's "Venetian Costume-Makers" (583), and Mr. Blair Leighton's "Call to Arms" (573), a bridal ceremony interrupted at the church porch by the summons of the bridegroom to lead his followers to the fray.

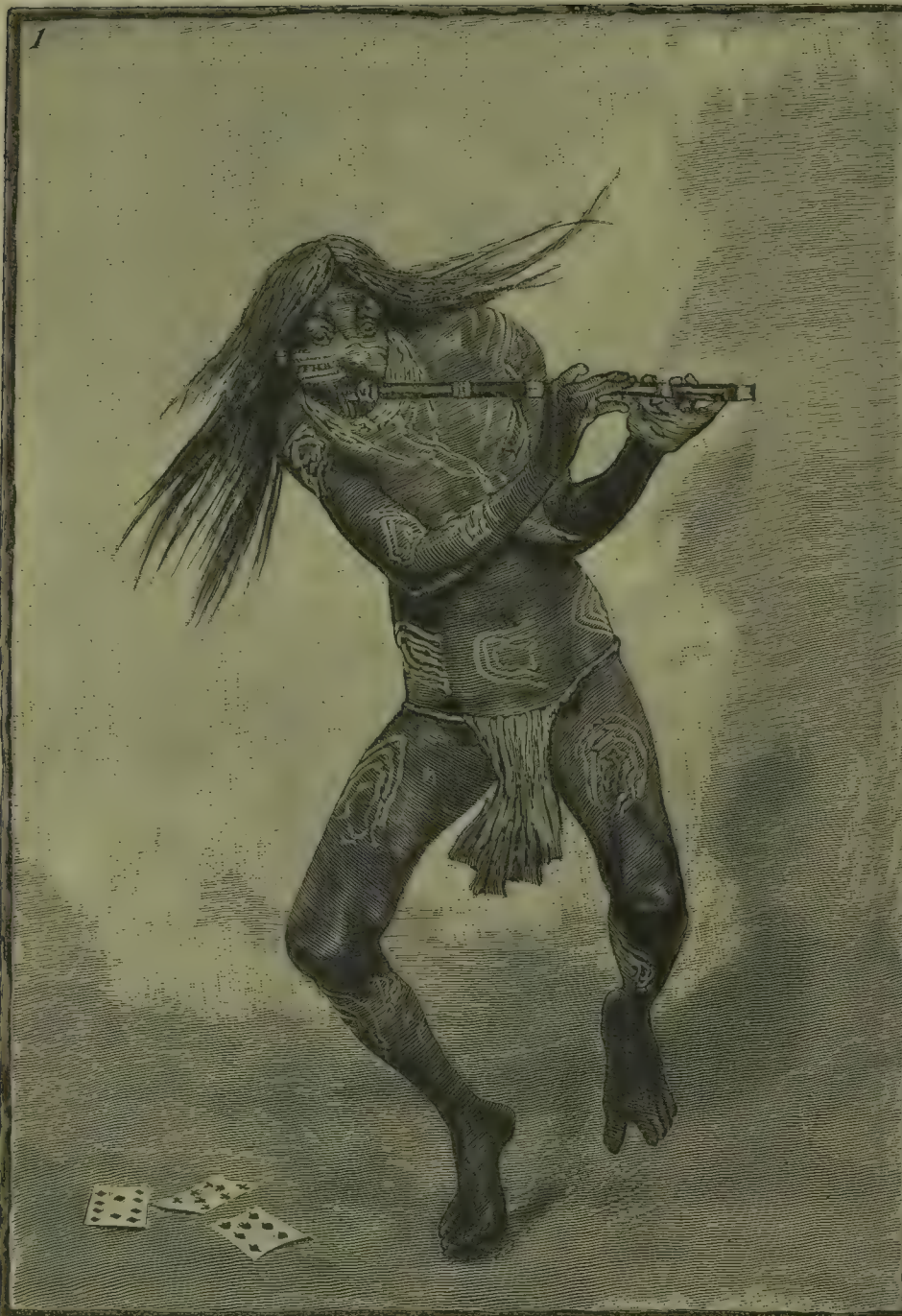
In Gallery No. VIII. the portraits are not so numerous as elsewhere, but their quality is well sustained, that of Mr. John L. Townsend (742), by Mr. Frank Holl, being one of his most effective works in spite of its simplicity of pose and dress. The fall of the light upon the collar of the coat and side face is one of those little touches of nature to which Mr.

Holl seldom gives expression. Taken in conjunction with Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of Mr. Owen Stanley Wynne (744) and that of Mr. Philip Hecht (740), by Mr. Percy Bigland, we have in this corner of the room three of the most characteristic portraits of the exhibition; for although each of them may find its better elsewhere, it would be difficult to point to any wall on which there were three better instances of the range of English portrait-painting. Amongst the portraits of ladies, those of Mrs. W. Bellville and her daughter (679) suffer rather from the gorgeousness of their clothes. No such reproach can be brought against Mr. Wm. Lomas's portrait of a lady (710) full face, and leaning with her back against a balustrade. The pose is graceful and unaffected, but its chief charm lies in the delicate harmony of its quiet colouring. Mrs. Jopling's portrait of Mrs. Alexander (722), on the other hand, seems rather to sacrifice the lady to her clothes, which are apparently bridal. In close proximity to these portraits is Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's picture of the year, "Niobe" (712), descending the steps of the altar round which her lifeless children are lying. The attitude of despair which Mr. Solomon has sought to render has little resignation in its composition—one feels that Niobe's sorrows are outside the human pale—and that were she not something more than mere woman, she could not have borne her awful fate. If, as has been said, Mr. Solomon's object was, on this occasion, to show he could render passion in repose, he has been scarcely successful; but it is more likely that he wished to prove he could depict self-contained, if not self-restrained, anguish with the power he had shown in the delineation of more stormy passion. The colouring of this work, which, after all, is more truly academic than anything else in the gallery, is very skilful and well modulated; but it strikes us as somewhat cold and artificial. Mr. Alfred Hunt's powerful landscape, "The Wings of the Wind" (730), has been unfortunately placed, and one loses much of the force as well as of the delicacy of these clouds driven across the river's mouth, of which the water, like the clouds, is hurrying to an unknown bourne. Mr. Savage Cooper's "Promise of the Year" (739) tells a more cheerful tale, and the pleasant face peering through the daffodils and apple-blossoms bids us take hope. Mr. Cooper shows, as usual, a delicate sense of colour, and this year he seems to draw with greater self-confidence and strength. Another of the younger competitors for notice is Miss Ida Lovering, whose "Brighton Express" (714) is a bright and natural study of country life. A group of children have broken away from their play to clamber up on to a fence whence they may catch a glimpse of the train passing through a deep cutting. Miss Lovering has had the good sense to let the motive of her work be guessed from the expression of her chief characters—a point which so many more experienced painters in *genre* forget to do. We must also mention in this room Mr. Ernest Croft's masterly treatment of "Marston Moor" (746), showing how, by the carelessness of Rupert and his friends, the Royalists were surprised. Mr. Charles Sinton's "Doves" (696) is so honestly successful and sympathetic that he will have no need to appeal to the claims established by his gifted father and mother in another art for a favourable reception. Mr. John MacWhirter's "Edinburgh" (686) from St. Anthony's Chapel, is an almost weird-like, though powerful, rendering of the "Empress of the North"—the castle and Calton-hill looming through the mist which overhangs the town beneath. The other good pictures in the room are Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's "Old and Crusted" (669), three gentlemen of the old school stopping at a wayside inn to partake of a well-known bin. Mr. Claude Hayes' "Near Arundel" (702), with its threatening skies; Mr. Yeend King's "Citizens' Sabbath" (709) and "Sylvan Solitude" (715), admirable in colour and pretty in conceit; Miss Alice Havers's "Mary at Nazareth" (720), very unequal in parts; but in all respects far more interesting than the work on a similar subject (761) by that veteran Academician Mr. J. R. Herbert. Miss Mary Harding's portrait of a boy, Edward Hussey Packe (706), is unfortunately hung; but one can see that it displays strong work, which is better worked out in her "Wonderful Story" (201), where the rapt attention of the listening children is caught with a thorough appreciation of such an audience.

Gallery No. IX., as usual, is devoted to works of cabinet size, of which more than two hundred find hospitality within its walls. Many of them are of considerable cleverness and interest, but they are such as would more properly attract notice in any other exhibition than that of the Royal Academy. Amongst the most prominent are Mr. E. J. Poynter's "Under the Sea-wall" (814); Mr. Walter Batley's "Companions through the Silent Night" (809), a lime-kiln scene; Mr. Savage Cooper's "Christmas Roses" (827), Miss Catherine Wood's "Apple-blossom" (834), Mr. Markham Skipworth's portrait of Mrs. Swettenham (892), Miss Blanche Jenkins's "Little Buttercup" (904) and a Reynolds-like child (953), Mr. J. L. Pickering's "Shadowed Land" (909), Mr. G. O. Reid's "Reminiscences" (923), Mr. Owen Dalziel's "By the Sea" (942), Mrs. Perugini's portrait of the child of Colonel Euan-Smith, and Miss Laura Tadema's carefully-finished study of child life, "Nothing Venture, Nothing Have" (977), in which the oak-panelled room almost distracts our attention from the little comedy enacted therein.

ARIZONA AND SOUTH CALIFORNIA.

The south-western region of the vast territory comprised within the United States of America, including New Mexico, Arizona, and the southern portion of the State of California, traversed by the Colorado River and its numerous tributaries, extending over nearly fifteen degrees of longitude from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, has boundless capacity for pastoral and agricultural settlement. This country has, during the past twenty years, undergone a rapid transformation; the enterprise and activity of the pushing Americans, with the construction of the Santa Fé Railroad south of Denver, in Colorado, and its extension to the Gila, westward to Yuma and to Los Angeles on the Pacific seacoast, having completely opened it. The old inhabitants of Spanish race and the remaining tribes of Indians still live in their own fashion, especially towards the Mexican frontier; and our Sketches in the district of Taos and in the Yuma country, and at the seaside town of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, in Southern California, represent things not much changed from the ways of past generations. The native Indians of New Mexico and Arizona have many peculiar customs; the Zunis, Moquis, and Yumas cherishing snake-worship, ancestor-worship, and the necromantic practices of a class of medicine-men, whose ritual consists partly of dances and flute-playing, as shown in our Illustration, with the addition, in this case, of certain card-tricks; but there are grand ceremonial performances, among the Moquis, in which three-score dancers, men and boys, their naked bodies fantastically decorated, carry live serpents helter-skelter between their teeth, and the scene is described as terribly revolting. The "Estufa" is a walled inclosure, with a ladder and poles, used for some part of the exhibition. A full account of these strange people, their traditions, manners, and customs, will be found in a volume published in 1884 by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.—namely, "The Snake Dance of the Moquis of Arizona," by Captain John G. Bourke.



1. A Yuma Medicine Man.

2. Estufa at Pueblo de Taos.

3. Siesta Time at Los Angeles.

4. The Mission Church, Santa Barbara.



"ALWAYS WELCOME."—BY MRS. ALMA TADEMA.

EXHIBITED IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY, 1887.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 19, 1884), with two codicils (dated March 28, 1885, and Feb. 17, 1886), of Mr. Charles Barber, late of No. 178, Denmark-hill, Camberwell, who died on April 23 last, was proved on May 5 by George Gompertz Barber, the nephew, and Edgar Rowe Everington, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £84,000. The testator leaves £10,000 and certain furniture and effects to his sister, Catherine Everington; his two freehold houses in Birch-lane, upon trust, to pay the income to his said sister, for life, and at her death to sell the same and to pay one seventh of the proceeds to, or upon trust for, each of his nephews and nieces, George Gompertz Barber, Mitchell Everington, Henrietta Maria Jeffery, Amy Florence Blyth, Mary Louisa Jeffery, and Ellen Frederica Coles, and one seventh between the two children of his late nephew, Alfred Graeff Barber; and there are many and considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, and other relatives, servants, and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his said nephews, George Gompertz Barber and Mitchell Everington, or such of them as shall be living at his decease.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1881), with a codicil (dated Sept. 4, 1884), of Mr. John Bramston Stane, J.P., D.L., late of Buckfield, in the parish of Sherfield, near Basingstoke, Southampton, who died on March 10 last, was proved on April 25 by Robert Milnes Newton and Alexander Forbes Tweedie, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £74,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to his executors and to servants; and all his real estate in England or elsewhere, including particularly his property in British Guiana, and the residue of his personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his sister, Maria Elizabeth Beckford, for life, and at her death for her children.

The will (dated Sept. 30, 1887) of Mr. James Paterson, late of Melrose, Stamford-hill, carrier and railway agent, who died on Nov. 19 last, was proved on April 26 last by Charles Henry Nevill and Harry Loraine Paterson, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £67,000. The testator bequeaths his portraits, pictures, and books to his son Harry Loraine; and there are other specific bequests to children. His house, with the furniture and effects, he leaves upon trust, as a residence for his wife, Mrs. Mary Paterson, his sister, Miss Janet Paterson, and his younger children. He also leaves an annuity of £180 to his daughter, Mrs. Ann Collingwood Kilduff, and at her death £3000 to her children; £1000 to each of his children by his present marriage; £7500 upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, and at her death, as to three fifths of the capital, to his children by her, and the remaining two fifths to fall into the residue of his estate; £5000 upon trust for each of his sons John James and Thomas; £10,000 upon trust for his son Harry Loraine; £5000 upon trust for each of his daughters, Edith Isabella, Janet Louise, and Nellie; an annuity to his son Robert; and legacies to his sister, sister-in-law, nieces, and to his executor, Mr. Newton. Such part of the residue of his estate as may arise by the failure of any of the legacies and the cessation of

the annuities he gives to his three last-named daughters; and the other part of the residue of his property to his sons Harry Loraine and Thomas. Under the powers vested in him he appoints his sons John James and Harry Loraine, directors of Carter, Paterson, and Co., Limited.

The will (dated June 18, 1886) of Mr. George Wise, J.P., D.L., late of Woodcote, in the parish of Leak-Wootton, Warwickshire, who died on Jan. 4 last, at Charlwood, Surrey, was proved at the Birmingham District Registry on April 23 by Frederick Fuller and Samuel Clark Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £39,000. The testator gives The Priory, Woodloes, Lillington, and Woodcote estates, and all other his real estate in Warwickshire, his estate at Tothill-fields, and all other his real estate in Middlesex, a sum of £27,000 secured on mortgage, his furniture and effects at Woodcote, and the plate presented to him by the Conservatives of South Warwickshire, and the "Wool Testimonial" plate, to his cousin, George Waller; his estate at Charlwood, Surrey, to his adopted son, George Stoner, for life, and then to the said George Waller; his cellar of wine at Woodcote, farm machinery, horses and carriages at Woodcote and Charlwood, and the furniture, effects, live and dead stock at Charlwood, to the said George Stoner; and legacies to his executors, coachman, butler, and domestic servants. The residue of his property he leaves to the said George Stoner.

The will (dated June 25, 1886) and a codicil (dated Jan. 7, 1887) of Miss Happy Ingate Warren, late of No. 68, Porchester-terrace, Paddington, who died on April 10, were proved on April 25 by Stephen James Allen, Thomas Francis Blackwell, John Wreford Budd, and Herbert George Thomas Ingate Warren, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 and the gold medal presented to Captain Daniel Warren by the Emperor Louis Philippe to her nephew, Herbert George Ingate Warren; £1000 to Mrs. Catherine Jane Warren; £3300 to Stephen James Allen; and very numerous specific and pecuniary legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to Stephen James Allen and Herbert George Thomas Ingate Warren.

The will and codicil (both dated Nov. 3, 1884) of Mr. John Aloysius Blake, formerly M.P. for Waterford, late of No. 44, Westland-row, Dublin, who died on May 28, 1887, at Queen Anne's-mansions, were proved in London on May 8 by Hubert Power, John Cashel Hoey, and Charles Ambrose, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £15,000. By his will the testator leaves £10,000, and the remainder of his property, for life, to his wife, Mrs. Adelaide Mary Blake; and on her death there are specific gifts of his various freehold properties in Ireland and numerous legacies. Should his wife not survive him, he bequeaths, among many other legacies, one fortieth of the residue of his property for the purpose of technical education of poor boys and girls in the city of Waterford; one fortieth for promoting the sea-fisheries of Ireland; £500 to the penitents of the Convent of Good Shepherds, Waterford; £500 to Mr. C. S. Barry, one of the Judges in Ireland, in acknowledgment of his kindness to him when he was unjustly assailed; £100 to Mr. Joseph O'Donnell for his noble vindication

of him on the same occasion; £500 to Mr. C. S. Parnell, M.P., in acknowledgment of the handsome manner in which he acted towards him on his retirement from Parliament; and £500 each to Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., Mr. J. O'Kelly, M.P., and Mr. Matthew Kenny, M.P. By his codicil the testator gives £1000 for promoting the cause of temperance in Ireland; £1000 for promoting the emigration of poor persons from Ireland to America or the British Colonies; £1000 to the public hospitals, Dublin; £500 each to St. Mark's Hospital (Lincoln-street, Dublin), for the purpose of art education at Waterford, the Industrial Schools (Artane, near Dublin), and for establishing like schools at Waterford; £500 to The O'Gorman Mahon, M.P.; and other legacies. Considerable discretion is vested in the executors as to the application of most of the charitable bequests. The legacies are to increase or decrease in proportion according to the amount realised by his estate.

The will of Dame Margaret Addison Bell, widow of General Sir George Bell, K.C.B., late of No. 156, Westbourne-terrace, who died on March 31 last, was proved on May 3 by Mrs. Mary Anne Addison Maitland, the daughter, and Augustus Wetherall Maitland, the grandson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testatrix gives all her real and personal estate to her said daughter.

"ALWAYS WELCOME."

This young visitor to the invalid lady's bedside is a charming little girl, whose company may well bring relief from the tediousness of sick-room confinement, and whose lively chatter, mixed with frequent infantine caresses, is perhaps more entertaining than the book that lies on the chair. For the moment, indeed, an expression of sorrowful compassion seems to predominate in the tender face of the affectionate child; and the apple which she has brought as a gift to her poor "Auntie," if that be the relationship between them, will probably be declined in accordance with the orders of a medical adviser. Sympathy, however, from such a sweet little friend, is sure to be "always welcome," and the happy look of the patient allows us to hope that there is not only freedom from pain, but a good promise of speedy restoration to health. The pleasing character of the subject, as well as its skilful artistic treatment by one who has twofold claims on the regard of lovers of Art, will make the Engraving specially acceptable to our readers.

The Rev. Dr. Aird, of Creich, Moderator of General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, has consented to become a vice-president of the Highland Land League.

Sir George Trevelyan unveiled a picture of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish at the Institute at Keighley, Yorkshire, on May 16. The picture has been subscribed for by men of all parties in the constituency with which Lord Frederick was so long connected.

MRS GEORGINA WELDON
WRITES;
"24 MAY 1887"

"I am

"50"
"to-day"

Good Complexion!
AND Nice Hands!

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweighs the more important consideration, viz.: the Composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is spoiled which would be enhanced by proper care.

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TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEARS' TRANSPARENT SOAP is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chopping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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"but, thanks to
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"My COMPLEXION is only 17."

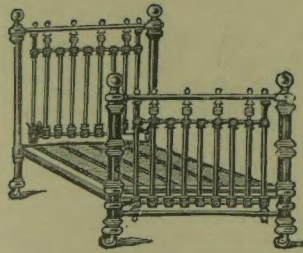
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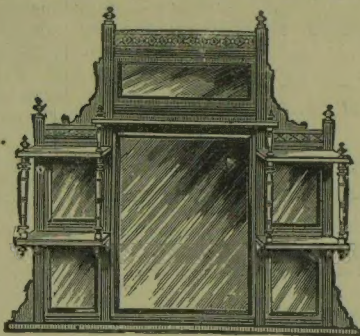
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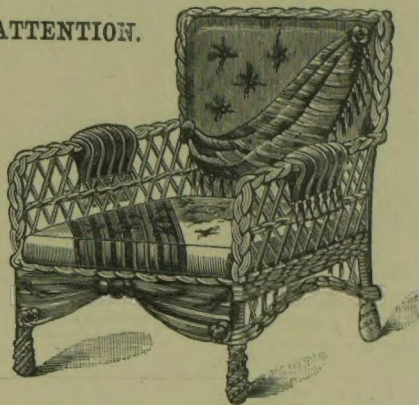
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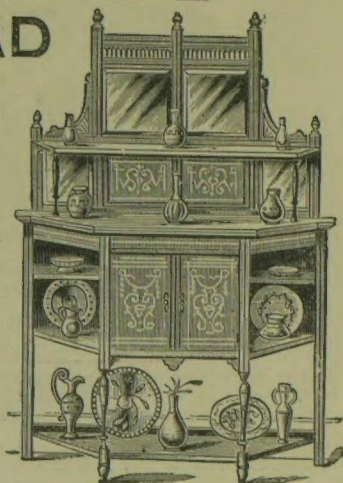
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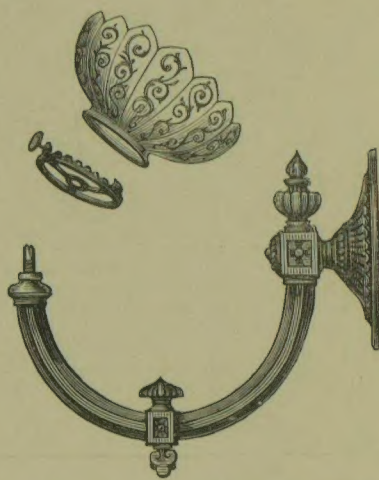
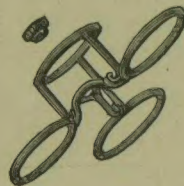
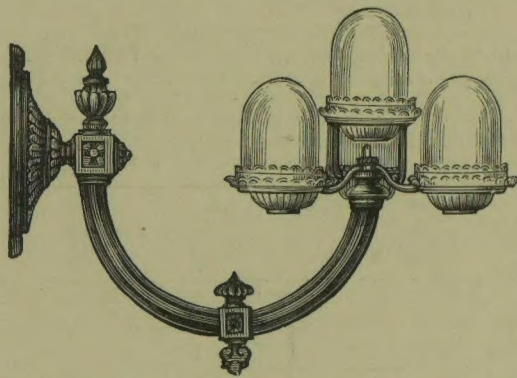
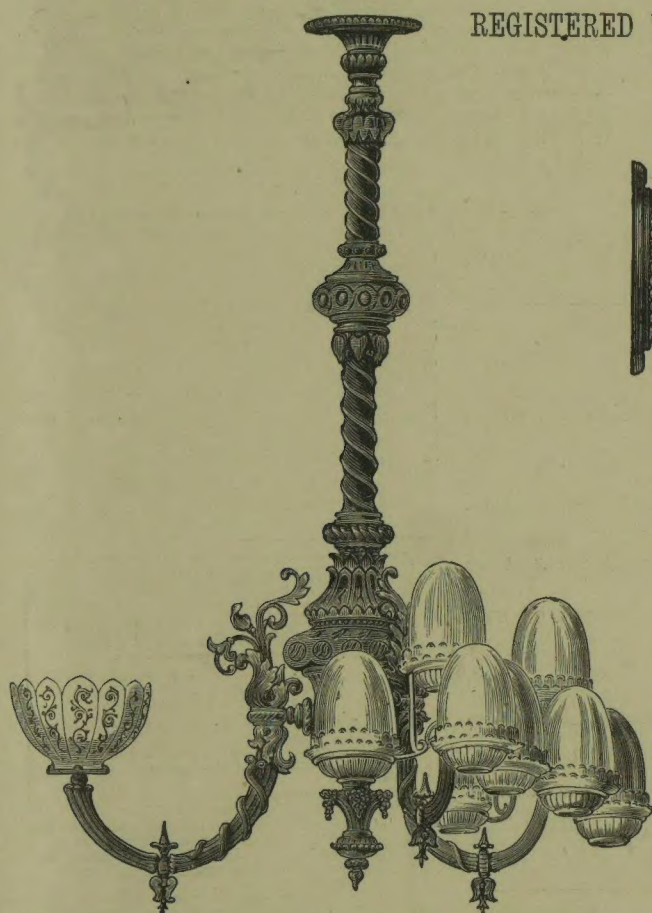


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Five minutes' time is sufficient to alter each branch; for example, see the engraving of an ordinary Gas Bracket.

Take off the Shade and the Shade Gallery, then slip on the Four-light Frame, screwing it down with the nut sent therewith. When the lamps are in, the effect will be as engraved, a Four-light "Fairy" Wall Bracket.

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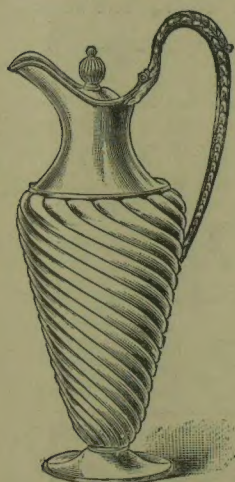
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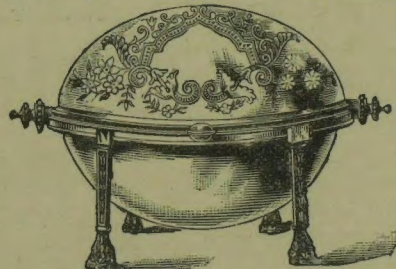
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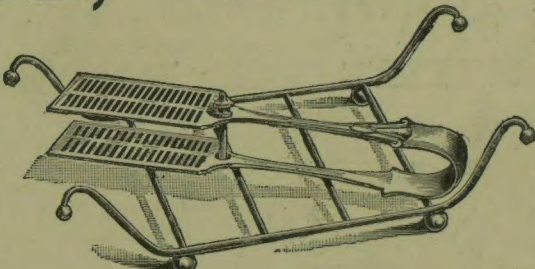
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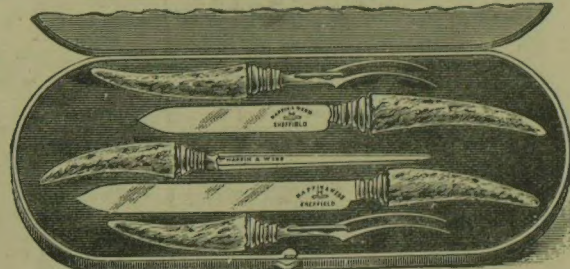
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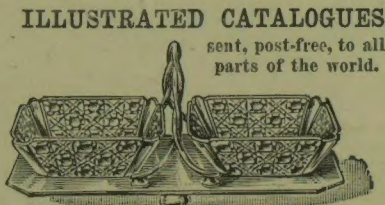


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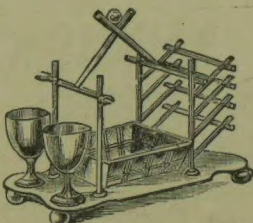
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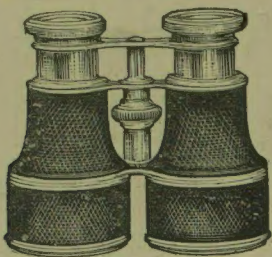
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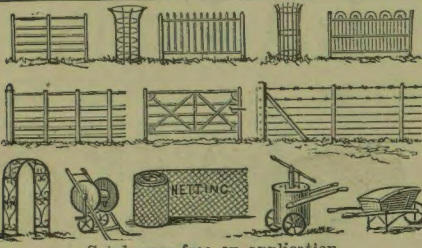
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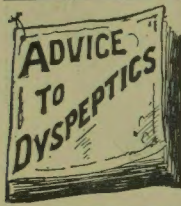
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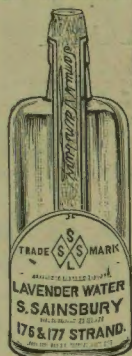
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